

The Outlook

JUNE 21, 1916

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE GREAT RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE

Nothing of so sweeping and extensive a nature has occurred this year in the military operations of the war as the double attack made by Russia on Austrian positions. The rapidity of the movement recalls those early days when once before Russia swept down to the Carpathian Mountains and all but crossed them into Hungary, only to be driven back a year ago.

The Russian attack was really of a double nature. [See the map on the following page.] One advance was in the district which is commonly called the Volhynia Triangle, at the three corners of which stand the towns of Rovno, Lutsk, and Dubno. Before the movement began Russia held the first of these towns, Austria the other two. Now Russia holds all three and has advanced rapidly toward, and at points beyond, the border line which separates Russia on the northeast from Galicia in Austria on the southwest of the line. Undoubtedly this movement is aimed at Lemberg. The other Russian attack is farther south, close to the point where Russia, Austria, and Rumania come together. Here stands Czernowitz, the capital of the province called the Bukowina. So fiercely and suddenly has the attack in this direction been carried on that during the week it was more than once reported that Czernowitz had fallen; Russian despatches positively declare that the Russians are battering down the fortifications in the suburbs of Czernowitz with their heavy guns. Unless all Russian reports are terribly exaggerated, the Czar's forces have not only driven back the enemy in both fields (which, by the way, are separated by a distance of about two hundred miles), but they have thrown the Austrian forces into actual demoralization. On June 13, for instance, Russian despatches declared that the total number of prisoners made in both operations was one hundred and fifteen thousand—considerably more, be it noted, than the entire army of the United States at

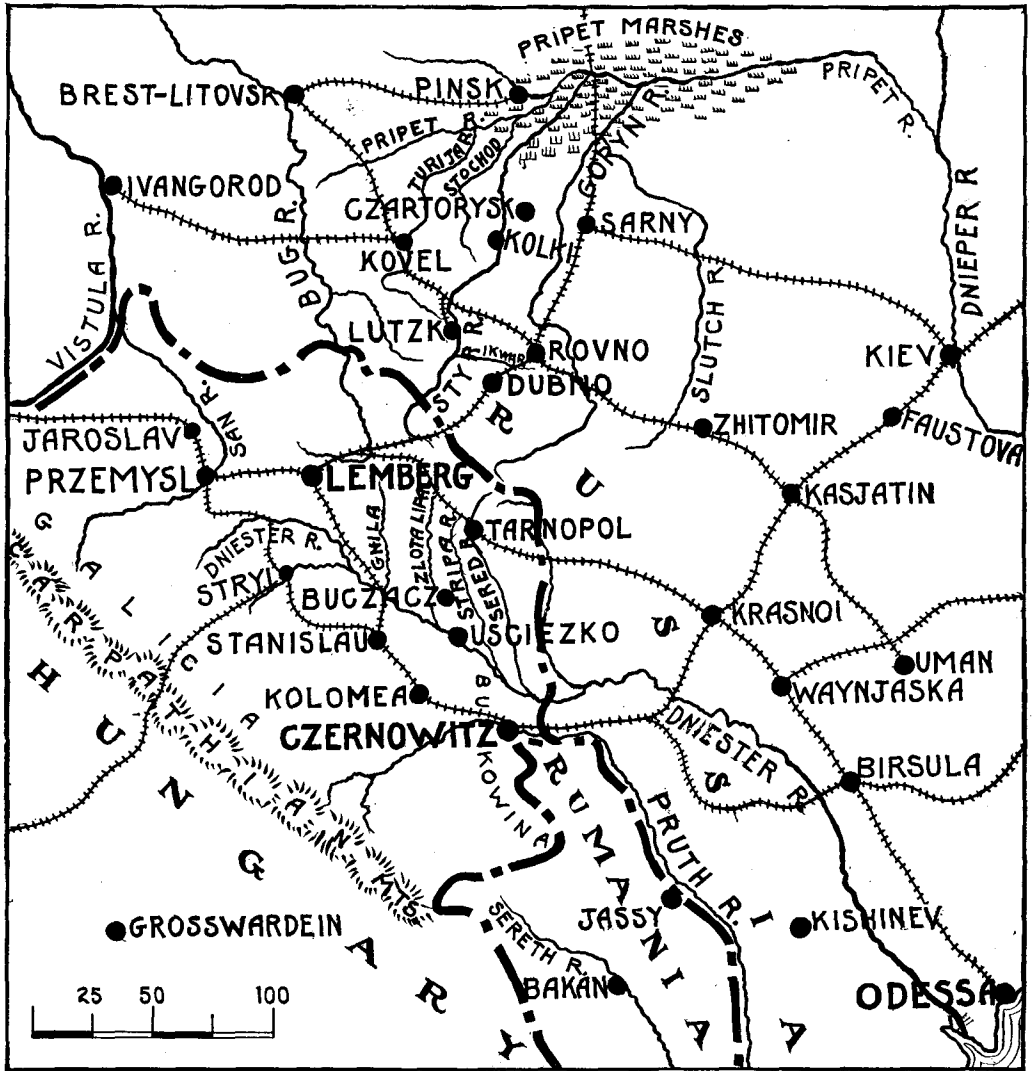
home and abroad at its nominal full strength, and much more than twice our available army in this country.

General Brusiloff is the Russian commander in the new offensive, and his latest reports, as we write, declare that he is still pursuing a defeated enemy.

As a counter-offensive there are reports that the Germans are attacking fiercely and steadily in the northern part of the long Russian battle-line—that is to say, in the neighborhood of Riga, the Baltic seaport, and near Dwinsk. Here Field Marshal von Hindenburg's attacks have had some effect, but have brought no decisive result.

Looking at the Russian offensive from the point of view of large war strategy, it seems more than probable that Germany had thought that Russia was so seriously engaged with the Turks that she was not likely to undertake a serious attack in the Bukowina district, and that accordingly Germany allowed the Austrian line there to be weakened in order to strengthen the recent Austrian drive on Italy. The amount of actual aid in men, guns, and munitions that Germany can now give to Austria is presumably far smaller than it was a year ago, and it is evident that Austria has not had the strength to carry on her attack upon Italy and at the same time to leave enough men in the trenches on the Russian front. The Russians, therefore, have it pretty much their own way in the present attack; they have rushed their men forward at the rate of ten miles a day or more for over a week; they captured Lutsk and Dubno with a rapidity which formed a striking contrast to the slowness of the gains made by the Germans at Verdun; from the Pripet Marshes in the north to the very border of Rumania in the south Russia has advanced triumphant and victorious.

Politically, the question at once arises, what effect will it have on Rumania if the Russians occupy Czernowitz and both from that side and from the side of Bessarabia approach Rumania? Will not the latter



THE SCENE OF THE NEW RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE

The battle-front extends from the Pripet Marshes south along the Styr River to Tarnopol and from there to Czernowitz, the Rumanian frontier

country at last find her interest in joining the Allies? So the Allies at least hope, but it is not improbable that Rumania will remember that Russia has once before made as great, and even far greater, advances in this general field of the war and has been driven back.

VERDUN STILL UNTAKEN

In the Verdun sector the one important event of the week ending June 14 was the German capture of Fort Vaux, which guards a road and a railway which enter the town of Verdun from the northwest. This position

was abandoned by the French only after seven days of ferocious fighting against assaulting forces whose numbers were constantly renewed. The value of the fort as a fort is simply nothing, but the *position* is one of advantage to the Germans in their costly "creeping" process, which has now been going on for four months and has yet before its advance the strongest line of defense. Mr. Frank Simonds in a recent article in the New York "Tribune" points out that the German attack upon the Verdun sector of the French front has already lasted longer than the whole period of the second Napoleonic episode, from the depart-

ure from Elba to the final abdication after Waterloo.

What have been the total casualties of the war? The facts are simply not obtainable, but, as Germany posts public lists of German dead, wounded, and missing, her loss can be ascertained pretty closely. A London cable despatch quotes the "official press bureau" in London as putting the total of German killed, wounded, and missing at 2,924,586—of which 743,412 were killed and 1,851,652 wounded.

POSSIBLE SETTLEMENT OF THE IRISH PROBLEM

The cable furnishes a rather inadequate report of tentative proposals for the settlement of the Irish question, important because they apparently have the approval of David Lloyd George and Premier Asquith. They apparently do not have the approval of the Ulster Unionists, though it is intimated that they are willing to give them serious consideration, and have even authorized Sir Edward Carson to accept them as a temporary truce during the continuance of the European war, and as a basis for future permanent settlement. We do not find in the reports anything to indicate the attitude of the revolutionists who excited the recent Irish rebellion.

The proposals include the immediate operation of Home Rule, though they do not, as reported by the cable, give any definition of what Home Rule includes; the Ulster counties to be left under the Imperial Government, and therefore, we judge, exempt from the provisions of the Home Rule Bill; the Irish members to remain at Westminster, as now; and, finally, what appears to us the most important provision, "an Imperial conference of representatives from all the dominions (which would include Canada, Australia, etc.) to consider the government of the Empire, including Ireland." This looks toward some adoption of a federal or quasi-federal system for the government of the British Empire, which has for many years seemed to The Outlook to be the way out of a very difficult and perplexing problem. We await with interest fuller reports.

MEXICO

The determination of President Wilson to pursue a more vigorous Mexican policy, which advance despatches from the Democratic Convention predict, ought to be strengthened by the fact that the body of

one of the Mexicans in the band that raided the Coleman ranch near Laredo, Texas, has been identified as that of Lieutenant-Colonel Villarreal, a Carranzista officer. This raid was not so serious in its outcome as the Mexican forays against Columbus and Glen Springs, as the Mexicans killed no Americans and released the two whom they captured, as well as eighty horses which they stole, when the pursuit of American cavalymen grew warm. The raid, however, resulted in orders for the despatch of sixteen hundred additional American regulars to the border. It is a sad commentary on the condition of our National forces of defense that for lack of other units it has been necessary to draw these men from the engineer corps and the coast artillery. In fact, with Europe at war, and with the Atlantic Ocean a maneuvering ground for contending fleets, the coast defenses of New York City have been deprived of one-fifth of their soldiers in order to protect our southern border against bandits.

With the increasingly frequent reports of hostile sentiment towards Americans in Mexico, the American consuls have again been urging our nationals to leave the country—certainly there seems to be little inducement for them to remain. A correspondent, Mr. Alexander Baring, of Placerville, California, who says he is "an Englishman, president of the most important mining company in Durango," writes that Carranza has issued an edict warning all owners of mines in Mexico that they must work their properties within thirty days from the first of May last, that they must not send out of the country either gold, silver, or copper, "but turn all bullion over to the Government, who will pay therefor with the 'last emission of paper money.'" Our correspondent adds: "As it is impossible to work without peaceful conditions, and equally impossible to pay workers with Carranza money, there is not much difference between this decree and robbery."

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

Li Yuan-hung, the new President of China, whose portrait appears on another page, was born in Hupe, the central province of China, and is fifty-two years old. He graduated at the Naval College at Peiyang. He was then appointed officer in charge of artillery of the cruiser Chen-yuan. A defeat in 1894 during the Chino-Japanese

War caused him to jump into the sea; he was rescued, but the event ended his naval career.

He went back to his native province and enlisted in the service of Chang Chi-tung, the great Viceroy of the Yangtse provinces of Hupe and Hunan. In that service Li showed that he was both a brave and a tenacious soldier, and especially that he could resist temptation. The old Viceroy liked him and finally appointed him to train the new provincial army. At that time it consisted of but one regiment of guards, but Li expanded it to a full complement. Meanwhile, Li perceived that, no matter how resourceful he might be personally, he lacked technical training. So he put his pride in his pocket and went to school in Japan; that is to say, he obtained the practical training of military life in one of the Japanese corps. Then he returned to China and advised Chang Chi-tung to send students to finish their education in Japan. This was done. Thousands went thither. Thus some of the efficiency brought into China by the Chinese who have studied in Japan is due to Li's initiative.

Li's experience in central China fitted him to understand the anti-Manchu revolution in 1911 more than the adherents of the Throne living in Peking could comprehend that movement. Inclined to more popular rule himself than had been possible under the Manchu emperors, and already a man of much military prestige, the revolutionists chose him to lead their forces. The strategic success of the revolution was doubtless due to him.

Yet in that revolution Li was not merely a military man. For instance, he declared at once that, despite any internal difficulty, the new order of things in the way of government must adhere to existing treaties and loan agreements. Foreigners in China, he informed their representatives, would receive every protection. He even proclaimed that any injury to foreigners would meet with the death penalty. For, he said, "the purpose of my life is to make the Chinese flag a pride to the world."

When the revolutionists organized the Republic, they elected their civil leader, Sun Yat-sen, President, and Li Vice-President. Later Sun magnanimously resigned in favor of Yuan Shi-kai. But the confidence of the Chinese in Li Yuan-hung was shown by their continuance of him as Vice-President.

Li is a convinced republican. Yuan was not, despite statements to the contrary.

When Yuan undertook the monarchical movement, Li would not countenance it at all, though Yuan tried to tempt him by publicly conferring a princely title upon him. The republicans of southern China, therefore, in their revolution of last winter and spring against Yuan, elected Li President. Now, through Yuan's death, he becomes President by right of succession.

Compared with his predecessor Li has not had much experience in foreign politics. But he is, we believe, far more representative of modern China than was Yuan, great as were the services rendered to China by that statesman.

NEW YORK CITY AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL

For many years New Yorkers have suffered certain inconveniences and dangers incidental to the presence of the New York Central Railroad along the Hudson River front. More than half a century ago the Hudson River Railroad, the parent of the great New York Central system, was built along the edge of the river into the city of New York. For many years the passenger terminal station of the road was situated at Thirtieth Street and Ninth Avenue. Later the main passenger line was diverted at the Harlem River into what is now known as the Grand Central Station, but the original tracks still run along the river-front by Riverside Drive, and downtown through Eleventh Avenue as far as Canal Street. Freight trains and heavy locomotives and an occasional passenger train daily and nightly run through Eleventh Avenue in a populous tenement district. The railway's running in this way on the surface of the main street not only interferes with traffic, but necessarily results in many fatal accidents, and Eleventh Avenue has been on this account nicknamed "Death Avenue." An enormous volume of New York Central freight now comes over this old part of the road into New York, which has developed very extensive yards and trackage between certain portions of Riverside Drive and the Hudson River. Residents of Riverside Drive and its adjacent neighborhood are kept awake at night with the noise of trains which blur park vistas with clouds of smoke and offend the nostrils of pleasure-seekers with the odors from cars that carry cattle.

For many years a controversy has been going on between the New York Central

Railroad and the government of the city of New York with regard to these nuisances, and the danger to life and limb from the tracks on the surface of Eleventh Avenue. The present city administration has at last come to an agreement with the railway, and a committee of that administration, known as the Committee on Port and Transportation Facilities, has presented a report on a plan for the settlement of the question.

Briefly, the plan calls for a combination of tunnel and roofed subway for the New York Central Railroad tracks along Riverside Park, and for an elevated structure to take the tracks off the surface of the city streets lower down. The benefits claimed for this plan are, as regards Riverside Park, that the construction of the tunnel and roofed subway will do away with the nuisances of smoke and noise and smell, and will permit citizens to get to the water's edge through the park, with no danger of being struck by a locomotive. As regards the proposed elevated structure through Eleventh Avenue and other streets in the tenement and business districts, the benefits obviously would be the elimination of the dangers of life and limb on "Death Avenue," and the increased terminal and transportation facilities which the railway and the shippers would have.

SHALL THE PLAN BE CARRIED OUT?

The plan thus practically agreed upon by the city and the railway has occasioned a good deal of discussion and criticism. It is not strange that some of the criticism is unintelligent, for to comprehend all the questions involved in the report one must have a good deal of the special knowledge of a railway engineer, a landscape architect, a lawyer, and a real estate expert. To describe or even mention all of the changes that the report urges and to set down the benefits claimed for the plan and the objections raised against it would require several pages of *The Outlook*. Perhaps the most strenuous opposition to the proposal of the Committee to make the settlement they recommend with the railway has come from citizens interested in Riverside Park. It is declared that to make a covered subway or tunnel instead of the open railway along Riverside Park will hide much of the river from the view of all in the neighborhood except those who are fortunate enough to live on the upper floors of apartment-houses. These objections are sustained by

such competent landscape architects as Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, of Boston, and Mr. Charles Downing Lay, of New York. Those who object to the part of the plan which relates to changes below Riverside Park say that the New York Central would thus be given monopolistic advantages of freight transportation against other railways, and that the plan does not contemplate sufficient payment on the part of the railway. The chief officers of the city administration are in favor of the plan, with one important exception. Mr. Marcus M. Marks, President of the Borough of Manhattan, feels that the objections have not been satisfactorily met, and that more time ought to be given to the study of the plan.

Mr. Olmsted, Mr. Lay, and Mr. Marks are authorities, and should be listened to with respectful attention; but, in spite of their objections and those of a large body of citizens for whom they are spokesmen, we cannot agree with their urgency that a settlement with the New York Central be postponed again. It has been dragged along for years, and the present inadequate and inefficient terminal arrangements are both dangerous to life and obstructive to the city's commercial welfare. The present city administration is the most efficient one which New York has had within the memory of the present generation. We hope it will be continued by the voters at the next election, but if not, and if by one of those curious swingings of the political pendulum which often manifest themselves in New York City another administration should come into power in the early future, there is no assurance that it would have the capacity to deal with this problem as effectively as it could now be dealt with. If New York waits for perfection before it takes hold of the problems involved in the development of the Hudson River water-front, it will wait until doomsday. A correspondent of *The Outlook* who has studied this question says:

All possible haste in the removal of these nuisances ought to be made. But let us be sure first that the reform is not worse than the evil removed. New York has waited so many years for this improvement that a few months' delay is not to be weighed against the certainty that the city is right before it goes ahead.

Our reply is that no conceivable measure of reform can be worse than the evils at present existing, nor is it a question of a few months' delay, or a certainty that the city

will finally achieve practical perfection. A few months' delay may mean throwing this whole subject into the hands of a typical Tammany administration, and then the fight will have to begin all over again. Our judgment is that the time for debate is ended and the time for action begun.

THE BAZAAR OF THE NINE ALLIES

For many who could not afford a trip to Europe a visit to the Allied Bazaar in New York City has proved a not unsatisfactory substitute. Indeed, some tourists who "do" Europe in the quick, personally conducted way probably come away with less knowledge of the countries they have visited than they might gain from a careful study of the exhibits of the Bazaar.

As a matter of fact, a hurried inspection of these exhibits leaves you with much the same confused impressions that you might have after a quick, globe-trotter's dash through Europe, and there is enough in the Bazaar to deserve several days' study.

The three broad floors of the great Grand Central Palace, where the Bazaar has been held, have glittered with the colors and echoed with the songs of the nine nations who are fighting the four. In one corner one might hear a dark-eyed damsel humming a tune of languorous Naples, in another a Metropolitan prima donna might be singing the "Marseillaise," while in a third, by closing the eyes and exercising the imagination, one might hear the bells booming in the tower of Ivan Veliky and smell the damp softness of Moscow snow.

The Bazaar was organized for the relief of the war sufferers in the Allied countries by the National Allied Relief Committee, the War Relief Clearing-House for France and Her Allies, and the Commission for Relief in Belgium. Forty-six hundred and thirty-four concerns and individuals contributed to the Bazaar in money, merchandise, or service. The promoters of the Bazaar, who opened it on June 3, planned to close it on June 14, but the exhibition proved so popular that it was extended a week. In the many booths were on sale most of the distinctive products of the Allied nations, from Irish and Servian laces to Russian *kvass*, the temperance drink that is largely taking the place of *vodka*. The prices of all these articles were reasonable, but, with an average daily attendance of about fifty thousand, the managers of the undertaking

raised a sum for the wounded, sick, and poor of the Allied nations far beyond their expectations.

The managing organizations were fortunate in having the particular recognition of the French Government in the shape of a remarkable exhibit of war relics and war pictures sent over expressly for the Bazaar. There were the official moving pictures of the great Battle of Verdun, captured German aeroplanes and cannon, and a frequently repeated official demonstration of the famous *soixante-quinze*, the deadly field-piece of the French army. Perhaps the single exhibit that drew most eyes, however, was the bent and blackened motor of an aeroplane, all that is left of the flying-machine in which the daring Pégoud, idol of all France, was tumbled from the sky. France still worships his memory, and every day at the Bazaar fresh flowers were placed on this grim, twisted souvenir of war.

A COLLEGE HOMESTEAD

The Smith College Alumnae Association has recently made a contribution to the College which is also a very real contribution to New England. It has bought the old New England homestead in which Sophia Smith was born in 1796, and it will be maintained by the Association as a place of rest and recreation for the students, alumnae, and Faculty of the College.

Hatfield is a delightful old New England town on the Connecticut River near Northampton, where Smith College is situated, and thus the permanent establishment of the Sophia Smith homestead as an adjunct of the College not only preserves some of the intimate personal associations of the unusual woman from whom the College takes its name, but also some of the fine traditions of New England home life and domestic architecture. The house itself, as will be seen from the illustration on another page, is an excellent example of the characteristic household architecture of New England. When Sophia Smith inherited from her brother a fortune of \$365,000—in those days so vast a sum that she was troubled to know how to use it—she went to her pastor, the Rev. Dr. John M. Greene, who advised her to found either a deaf and dumb institution or a woman's college—almost (a flippant paragrapher might say) two extremes of benefaction. Another donor provided a deaf and dumb asylum; and, in consequence, Northampton now has

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

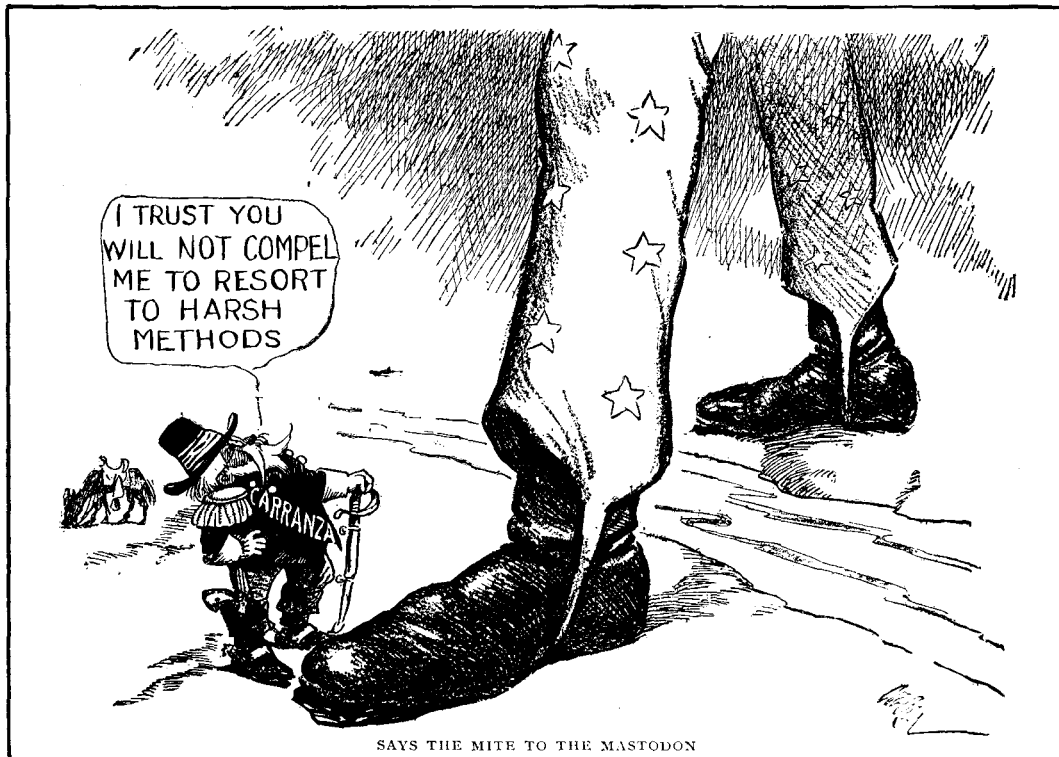


Starrett in the New York Tribune



WHEN THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION WAS TRYING TO "FIND ITSELF"

May in the Cleveland Leader



SAYS THE MITE TO THE MASTODON
HAS MEXICO ANY "SENSE OF PROPORTION"?

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Owen in the Sketch (London)



Tommy: "They takes me from 'ome, an' bungs me into barracks. They takes away my clothes an' puts me inter khaki. They takes away my name an' gives me a number—605. They sends me ter church, an' after a forty-minute sermon the Parson says: 'Number 605: 'Art thou weary?'" I jumps up an' sez: 'Yus!' an' gets fourteen days C.D. for givin' a civil answer."

From the Le Petit Journal (Paris)



THE "HIGHLY NOBLE" OFFICERS OF THE "BOCHES" IN BRUSSELS

THE EFFECT OF GERMAN MILITARISM ON ITS REPRESENTATIVES

From the Bystander (London)



THE PERSONAL TOUCH

Officer: "So you object to the way the Sergeant speaks to you, do you?"
Recruit: "Well, sir, 'ow would you like to be called an addled-headed idiot—supposing you wasn't one, sir?"

A QUESTION OF DISCIPLINE

the famous College for women which bears her name.

In writing of the decision as to the use of the house, Mrs. W. Morrow, Chairman of the 1896 Class Committee, which has restored and refurnished the house as a memorial of the twentieth class reunion, says, "We wanted to do something more than gaze at our founder's china or eat cookies in her parlor;" so it was decided to make the house neither a historical museum nor an ordinary tea-house, but to open it as a College homestead for undergraduates, alumnæ, and members of the Faculty who need rest. The house now is in almost every respect exactly as it was when Sophia Smith lived in it. Inside the house every piece of furniture is in its old place. Some of the furniture did not belong to the house, but is simply of the same period; but from all the storehouses of the neighborhood have come the innumerable belongings of Sophia Smith—her dining-room mahogany chairs and sideboard; her cherry table; her childish sampler on which she had set down the names and birthdays of her mother and father, her three sisters, her three brothers, and herself; her andirons, which had been gilded over by a neighbor; her brass candlesticks and snuffer; her pepper-pot, little old wooden cradle and chintz bed-cover, and silver cake-basket.

Dr. Greene, Miss Smith's pastor, in speaking of Miss Smith at the Quarter Centennial Anniversary of the College in 1900, characterized her thus: "She was a woman of sound wisdom and discretion, of excellent sense and large and tender sympathies. . . . She was both philanthropic and patriotic. She put a supreme value upon education."

Such a memorial to such a woman is particularly appropriate, and we congratulate the Committee in charge on the wisdom, the attractiveness, and the success of their plan.

LENDING A HAND TO THE IMMIGRANT

The amount of comment that has been aroused by an article in *The Outlook* of February 23 last describing the work which the Rochester Board of Education is doing for the education of immigrants is an indication of an encouraging increase in the amount of attention that Americans are giving to the Americanizing of immigrants. Mr. Charles E. Finch, Director of Immigrant Education in Rochester, has received letters from twenty

different States as well as from Canada, the Hawaiian Islands, and Japan from persons concerned with the education of foreigners whose interest was aroused by *The Outlook's* article. As Mr. Finch says, "These letters indicate a widespread and growing interest in the Americanization problem that promises much for this work in the future."

Among others who have written to Mr. Finch for further hints to use in teaching foreigners are a woman in Claremont, California, who is "just starting work for Hindus in this town;" another woman in Butte, Montana, who is "about to launch in Butte a school in English for foreigners who come from every part of Europe, from Finland to Greece;" the principal of the Normal Training School at Lewiston, Maine, who is conducting a special class for foreigners, principally French; and a teacher in Cortland, New York, who is trying to impart to Russian immigrants the spirit and customs of America. A woman in Sayre, Pennsylvania, tells of a night school that has been opened there for foreigners, many of whom are employed by the Lehigh Railroad; a firm of merchant tailors in Chicago asks for advice "in organizing some classes among our employees." Last, but not least in interest, is a letter from a man in Kyushu, Japan, who is tutoring Japanese boys in the language and manners and customs of America.

We are glad to have these evidences that Americans are becoming aroused to the dangers that lie in the existence here of a large body of citizens who are not thoroughly assimilated. The duty of helping immigrants to become Americans in spirit as well as in name is not merely a duty which we owe to those aspirants for the privileges that America can give. It is also a duty which we owe to ourselves. Unless we perform it the United States will cease to be a Nation and will become a mere congeries of detached racial groups.

PRISON FACTS AND THEORIES IN MINNESOTA

A correspondent in Minnesota who has "followed with great interest articles in *The Outlook* in regard to the fight of Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne for better conditions at Sing Sing" writes: "We are doing better things along prison lines in Minnesota than you are in New York."

We are glad to hear it. Of course every one who knows anything at all about American

prisons knows that Sing Sing has been one of the most backward. But from what our correspondent tells us, and from what we learn from the "Handbook of the Minnesota State Prison" at Stillwater, it is evident that there is much to support the foregoing assertion.

The Minnesota prison occupies twenty-two acres on a plateau overlooking the St. Croix River. Outside the prison inclosure is the prison farm of seven hundred and sixty-three acres, which is worked almost entirely by the prisoners, who get from it the milk, eggs, and vegetables for their own mess hall.

This prison boasts the oldest prison newspaper in existence. It is the "Mirror," which was founded in 1887, and which is published weekly by the convicts. The prison night school, which is conducted by Professor W. H. Hollands and a corps of teachers chosen from the inmates, had during 1914-15 an average attendance of 161, of which number 152 attended voluntarily.

The prison also boasts a library of 7,000 volumes, a brass band, an orchestra, and a branch of the Chautauqua Society. In celebration of Shakespeare's Tercentenary this society recently gave a "highly commendable performance of Richard Third," says our correspondent.

The principal industries of the prison are the manufacture of binder twine and farm machinery. Speaking of these activities, our informant says: "The Minnesota State Prison is the greatest revenue-producing public institution in the world, and, in addition to that, is more than self-supporting, as last year it showed a net profit of approximately \$280,000, and to my mind the most unusual feature of it is that it paid out last year for inmate labor a total of \$74,627.55, the prisoners earning all the way from 15 cents to \$1.50 a day, which money is absolutely their own, and is either put away for them in trust until they are released or is sent for the maintenance of relatives or families that may be dependent upon them."

The most interesting thing about the prison is the system for grading prisoners according to good conduct and for paroling the highest after they have served their minimum sentence. Since this system was inaugurated, in 1894, 1,655 prisoners have been released on parole. Only twenty per cent of them have violated their agreement and have been forced to come back to prison. In other words, eighty per cent have made good,

vindicating the able administration of Warden C. S. Reed, which proceeds on the theory that a prison is not primarily a punitive institution, but is a place where lawbreakers should be given a chance to reform.

THE OPENING OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

As the Democratic Convention at St. Louis opened, the correspondents of The Outlook report, no contest over candidates even for Vice-President was under serious consideration. The only points of discussion among delegates in hotel lobbies concerned the issues of the coming campaign. The setting of the Convention was bright. The hall was full of light, the music cheerful and patriotic, the spirits of the delegates were buoyant. In personnel the delegates had the appearance of plain and prosperous Americans of a distinctly higher quality than those at the Baltimore Convention four years ago. The New York City delegates, for instance, were largely a new and better order of men, though some of the old faces were seen. Glynn's "keynote speech" was remarkably simple, eloquent, and effective. The whole audience responded to his statements showing how one President after another had not gone to war but had settled questions by negotiations as the President is now trying to do, and more than once the delegates demanded repetition of the more striking phrases. When he spoke of the mothers of the country wanting peace, the delegates shouted, "Say it again!" His argument for preparedness for the sake of honor and justice roused his hearers; and his arraignment of the Republicans, his plea for undivided allegiance, and his exposition of the record of the Administration in domestic affairs were received with enthusiasm. In asking for an indorsement of the President's peace policy Mr. Glynn said:

For two years the world has been afire. That fire still burns, but thus far the United States has held the flame at bay; thus far it has saved its people from participation in the conflict.

What the people of the United States must determine through their suffrage is whether the course the country has pursued through this crucial period is to be continued; whether the principles that have been asserted as our National policy shall be indorsed or withdrawn.

This is the paramount issue. No lesser issue must cloud it, no unrelated problems must confuse it.

If this Convention is a good sign, the Demo-

crats, conscious of the advantage of being in power, are entering this campaign full of hope, which not even the nomination of Hughes has dimmed.

Special correspondence from St. Louis and editorial comment on the Democratic nominations will appear in *The Outlook* next week.

MR. HUGHES AND THE PRESIDENTIAL ISSUES

We doubt whether in the history of American politics a greater revolution has ever been wrought in the principles and spirit of a great party than was wrought in the Republican party by the campaign of 1912. A comparison of the two platforms of 1912 and 1916 makes this revolution very clear to the student. Five of the most fundamental principles avowed by the Progressive party in 1912 have now been adopted, either by express statement or by necessary implications, by the Republican party in 1916:

Government regulation of great corporations.

National conservation of natural resources.

Social justice in the protection of both children and adults in the wage-earning classes.

Woman suffrage.

And, finally, the principle of government by the people—the principle on which woman suffrage rests—in opposition to the principle of government of the people by representatives.

Mr. Hughes, who has been nominated on this platform, has since his appointment to the Supreme Court bench in 1910 taken no part in politics and the public has no means of knowing whether in 1912 he voted with the Progressive or with the Republican party; but it does know that in his previous political career he was an independent Republican, fought corruption within his own party, never was a member of the invisible government, and never a servant of the bosses.

Since 1912 new issues have arisen, forced upon the country by the European war and by the course of our National Administration. They now rightly demand a first place in the country's thought. They are four in number:

I. Does the United States owe a duty of protection to its citizens traveling upon the sea or peaceably conducting business in a foreign country under the sanction of treaty

obligations? Or in time of war are they to be denied passports and counseled to remain at home? Or, if they are assaulted and their property is destroyed in foreign lands and the foreign government is either unable or unwilling to protect them, is our Government to leave them unprotected and counsel them to abandon their property, their business, and those dependent on them, and flee for safety?

On these questions, extraordinary as it may seem, there have been two opinions among men eminent in National affairs. There have been recognized leaders in the three great political parties who have put safety first, who have been willing to abandon the Nation's duty and surrender the right of its citizens rather than run the hazards involved in fulfilling the Nation's duty by furnishing protection to its citizens. There have been Progressive pacifists, Republican pacifists, Democratic pacifists. The policy of pacifism—that is, the policy to put safety first—has controlled the Democratic party and directed the policy of the Democratic Administration. Many hundreds of American lives have been lost and American property of untold value has been destroyed, with no vigorous and efficient measures taken for their protection.

Upon this point the Republican platform of 1916 speaks in no uncertain language: "We believe in and will enforce the protection of every American citizen in all the rights secured to him by the Constitution, treaties, and the law of nations, at home and abroad, by land and sea." And the utterance of the Republican candidate is equally explicit. "I stand," says Mr. Hughes, "for the firm and unflinching maintenance of all the rights of American citizens on land and sea."

II. Is it any part of the duty of a nation to equip itself with land and naval forces that it may be able to protect its peaceable citizens in their acknowledged rights, or must it trust to words of protest and to "the irresistible might of meekness"?

On this question also there is a sharp difference of opinion. There are a considerable number of our fellow-citizens—how many perhaps next fall's election will make clear—who believe that the danger to the Nation from militarism from within is far greater than the danger from militarism from without; who dread the American soldier more than they dread the foreign soldier;

who believe that armament does not protect from war but provokes war ; who desire to try the experiment of disarmament as the best preparedness against war.

It is not easy for one who wishes to deal with all parties in a spirit of absolute fairness to know exactly what is the attitude of the present Administration upon this question. A year ago the President intimated that we were too proud to fight. Now he has sent an armed force into Mexico on a punitive expedition. A year ago he characterized the demand for preparedness as that of a nervous and excited people. Now it is announced that he has marched in a preparedness procession. The Democratic Secretary of the Navy declares, in a letter published on another page, that he favors the building of five dreadnoughts ; but the Naval Bill adopted by the Democratic House of Representatives makes no provision for battle-ships or dreadnoughts, although our best naval experts declare them to be absolutely essential to the efficiency of the fleet and the effectiveness of protection ; and the Military Bill, which the Democratic Administration sustains, rests the land defense of the country largely on a State militia, which all military experts from the days of Washington to the present day have disapproved of as unintended and unfitted for any such purpose.

On this question of military preparedness the Republican platform and the Republican candidate both speak in no uncertain terms. "I believe," says Mr. Hughes, "in making prompt provision to assure absolutely our National security. I believe in preparedness, not only entirely adequate for our defense with respect to numbers and equipment in both army and navy, but with all thoroughness, to the end that in each branch of the service there may be the utmost efficiency under the most competent administrative heads. . . . In view of our abiding ideals, there is no danger of militarism in this country. We have no policy of aggression, no lust for territory, no zeal for strife. It is in this spirit that we demand adequate provision for National defense, and we condemn the inexcusable neglect that has been shown in this matter of first National importance."

III. In the United States are a large number of naturalized citizens born abroad, coming to this country to obtain political and industrial liberties and educational and material opportunities denied them in the Old World. They rightly nourish a warm affection for

their homeland, strengthened by personal affection for relatives and neighbors. But that they may share with native-born citizens of the United States in determining the political character and directing the public policies of the Nation, they have renounced their allegiance to their native land and pledged their unreserved and undivided allegiance to the land of their adoption.

What does and what ought this renunciation and this pledge to mean? It is no longer a matter of suspicion, it is a matter of knowledge, established by legal evidence in the courts, that there are German-Americans who have sought to serve their Fatherland at the expense of America ; and there are German-American newspapers which have avowedly attempted to exercise a political control over the policies of this country by an endeavor to unite the German-American vote against any party or any candidate supposed to favor a policy disadvantageous to the German Empire.

On this subject Mr. Roosevelt, the recognized leader of the Progressive party, as well as recognized leaders in the Republican party, have spoken in unmistakable terms ; and the Progressive platform is not less explicit. The Republican platform is unhappily silent, but the Republican candidate has expressed himself, briefly it is true, but in language which is both clear and forcible. "I stand," he says, "for an Americanism that knows no ulterior purpose ; for the patriotism that is single and complete. Whether native or naturalized, of whatever race or creed, we have but one country, and we do not for an instant tolerate any division of allegiance."

And as, notwithstanding this declaration, certain German-American newspapers assumed to misunderstand his position, he has made it, if possible, still more unmistakable, by saying to the reporters for publication : "My attitude is one of undiluted Americanism. Anybody that supports me is supporting an out-and-out American and an out-and-out American policy, and nothing else."

IV. Have Americans any interest in the issues involved in the European war, any concern in their solution, any duty toward the nations involved?

Mr. Wilson answers this question in the negative. In his recent address at the Convention of the League to Enforce Peace he says concerning the European war : "With its causes and its objects we are not con-

cerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore." Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root have, on the contrary, answered this question emphatically in the affirmative. One quotation from Mr. Root's speech must here suffice to interpret them both: "This Government lost the moral forces of the world by not truly interpreting the spirit of the American democracy. . . . To them [Americans] liberty means not liberty for themselves alone, but for all who are oppressed. Justice means not justice for themselves alone, but a shield for all who are weak against the aggression of the strong. . . . With the right to speak there came to this, the greatest of neutral nations, the greatest of free democracies, another duty to the cause of liberty and justice for which America stands—duty to the ideals of America's nobler nature, duty to the honor of her past and the hopes of her future."

The Progressive platform also, briefly but emphatically, puts the Progressive party on record in support of this contention. It says: "Whatever our country can legitimately do to attain peace for war-stricken Europe and to aid in the procurement of equal rights, without discrimination because of race or creed, to all men in all lands, should be done."

Both the Republican platform and the Republican candidate are on this fundamental issue unhappily silent. We shall look, and the country will look, with interest to see whether Mr. Hughes agrees with Mr. Wilson or with Mr. Root and Mr. Roosevelt. We cannot think that he is indifferent or will remain silent upon so fundamental a National question. We are here interpreting, not discussing, the issues of the approaching campaign. But our attitude on this question has not been left in doubt.

On the 15th of August, 1914, two weeks after the opening of the great European war, *The Outlook* interpreted the causes and objects of the war and the fountains from which it had burst forth in the two following sentences: "The lovers of peace in all countries are in alliance against militarism. The people are arming to disarm the army of the absolutist." From that day to this *The Outlook* has not ceased in its endeavor to explain the causes and objects of the European war, to point out the not obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth, and to insist that the American people not only have a right but have a

duty to declare vigorously and emphatically their sympathy with democracy in its terribly splendid battle against military absolutism.

Mr. Roosevelt's conditional declination of the Progressive nomination appears to *The Outlook* to have been wise. The frankness of his expression—using the words "decline" and "conditional refusal" instead of "hold in abeyance" or "conditional acceptance"—was equally wise. The prevention of a third ticket, under the present circumstances, is one of the greatest and most difficult services Mr. Roosevelt has rendered to his country. We hope that the developments of this campaign, and especially Mr. Hughes's later and fuller utterances, will make it possible for Mr. Roosevelt and the Progressives generally to give to the Republican party and its candidate a cordial support, and that this fall the American people will have practically to choose between only two parties and two candidates—the Democratic party, led by Mr. Wilson, with the last four years of the Democratic Administration as its platform, and a reformed Republican party, its platform interpreted, amplified, and supplemented by the past record and the campaign speeches of Mr. Hughes. We shall be both surprised and disappointed if those speeches are not both unambiguous and forceful.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt's friends never had a firmer confidence in his ability as an American statesman or a stronger affection for his personality than they have to-day. That the fundamental principles of true Americanism, for which he has been so vigorously contending during the last twelve months, have greatly affected the thought and spirit of the country, have been recognized by both the Democratic and Republican parties, and to a surprising extent have been incorporated in their platforms, is due more to his individual influence upon the country than to any other single factor.

Let us suppose that in 1914 Mr. Roosevelt had lost his life while exploring the tropical jungles of Brazil, as, indeed, he came very near doing. Does any fair-minded man believe that Mr. Wilson would have been converted from a Pacifist into an advocate of vigorous Preparedness? Or that Mr. Hughes would have been nominated on the most

progressive platform that the Republican party has written since the days of Lincoln?

Mr. Roosevelt has stated since the Chicago conventions that he is "out of politics." We do not think so. As long as he lives, whether he ever again holds a political office or not, he will be a virile, influential, and patriotic figure in the political life and the political counsels of his country. No office is needed to make him the foremost American of his time in the esteem of the great majority of his fellow-countrymen as well as in the deliberate judgment of both his opponents and his admirers in foreign lands.

EXPERT OPINION ON THE NAVAL BILL

The Naval Bill has passed the House and is now before the Senate. The navy is our first line of defense. In case of foreign aggression it would be the navy that would bear the brunt of the first attack, and, if the country is wise, it will see to it that its navy is strong and efficient before it takes up in detail the question of the land forces. In what the best expert opinion regards as a most important particular this Naval Bill is defective, although the defect is explicable. It does not provide for any increase in battle-ships, popularly known as dreadnoughts. The explanation of this defect is probably that up to the time of the great Anglo-German battle in the North Sea off the coast of Jutland public opinion throughout the world was beginning to feel that the development of the submarine had perhaps made the battle-ship archaic and as out of place in naval warfare as the old-fashioned four-horse stage-coach is in transportation. Even some English authorities contended that England should devote herself mainly to submarines and battle-cruisers, and gradually abandon the dreadnought. The present Naval Bill was prepared before the Anglo-German naval fight. That fight has shifted public opinion again, both among the experts and among the laity, in favor of dreadnoughts. Formerly modern navies were made up of battle-ships (huge floating fighting machines), cruisers (lighter and more rapid, although armored, fighting machines), and a vast flotilla of smaller boats. At present the modern navy is made up of battle-ships, of cruisers, and the smaller vessels, with an intermediary vessel coming between

the cruiser and the battle-ship, known as a battle-cruiser. It is bigger than the cruiser and has heavier guns, but is more rapid and has lighter armor than the battle-ship or dreadnought. The present bill provides for five battle-cruisers, but it makes no provision for dreadnoughts or battle-ships.

We have written to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, asking what is the expert opinion in this country now on the question of the dreadnought or big battle-ship. His reply follows:

The recent naval battle in the North Sea merely confirms the constant opinion of naval officers and all who have carefully studied our needs that the seagoing, heavily armed and armored battle-ship is necessarily the backbone of naval defense. I personally believe that we ought not, under any circumstances, to stop laying down battle-ships. Their function is totally different from that of battle-cruisers, and, while we undoubtedly need the latter to offset battle-cruisers of other Powers in the work for which they are specially intended, yet the control of our contiguous waters and the protection of our territory and interests will depend, in the final analysis, on the strength of our dreadnought fleet.

His opinion is confirmed by Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, who writes to us: "The great sea fight teaches that we need battle-ships in the first line, also air-ships for scouting and 'spotting,'" and by Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, who writes to us:

Battle-ships and battle-cruisers have their distinctive rôles to play. If a battle-cruiser is caught in such a position that she has to fight a battle-ship at close range, she [the battle-cruiser] will be at a tremendous disadvantage. In our navy, as I testified before Congress in the latter part of March, we believe that the battle-ship is the backbone of the navy; but we also believe that at the present moment we are "long" on battle-ships and "short" on battle-cruisers, so that we need battle-cruisers at the moment more than we need battle-ships.

Mr. Henry Reuterdaahl, the well-known naval critic, confirms these opinions. He thus writes to *The Outlook*:

As I see it, the lesson from this action in the North Sea is this: Our fleet must be balanced—that is, possess all the requisite types for successful fighting. It must be strong. A heavy first line of forty-eight dreadnoughts, for each of these four destroyers, battle-cruisers to act as a fast wing, scouts to secure information, air-keeping dirigibles to search for the enemy, fleet submarines to accompany the main fleet

to the scene, and all backed by the needed auxiliaries, all fully manned by officers and men; with a general staff, not an incompetent politician, governing the navy; with officers promoted by selection and not by seniority—the entire establishment being free from politics and the pork barrel. . . .

The great lesson from this fight is for us to get busy. Leave the navy and its needs to be decided by the technical men, naval officers, and not by the Congressional politicians of the naval committees.

We may add that the Secretary of the Navy agrees with the opinion of these experts, a fact which justifies the hope that the influence of the Administration may be successfully exercised to remedy the fatal defect in the Naval Bill before it passes the Senate. Secretary Daniels writes us:

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

June 12, 1916.

It would seem that one lesson of the naval battle in the North Sea is undoubtedly the importance of dreadnoughts.

The Sixty-third Congress, upon my recommendation, authorized the construction of five dreadnoughts, and in the five-year programme which I recommended to the present Congress it will be seen that I continued to advocate the building of this type of war-ship as the basis of our navy. Cordially and sincerely yours,

JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

It is clear that the expert opinion, both abroad and at home, favors the big armored battle-ship or dreadnought. Before the present bill is passed by Congress or signed by the President it ought to provide them.

THE BIBLE A BOOK OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE

The New York "Sun" contains a report of one of the week-evening meetings of the New York Young Men's Christian Association at which the Rev. George R. Andrews, a graduate of Union Theological Seminary and an assistant pastor at one of the Presbyterian churches of the city, gave an address which the "Sun" reporter entitles "The Danger of an Infallible Bible." At the close of his address a Presbyterian minister put some questions to him, and either in his address or in his answer to these questions he is reported to have said that "all knowledge, that we possess came through human experience, the Bible not excepted. The Bible is a product

of human experience, and as such is liable to the errors of humanity. The Bible is no more inspired than any of our hymns, 'Rock of Ages,' for instance."

Considering the excited state of mind of some members of the Presbyterian Church over the supposed heresies of Union Theological Seminary, Mr. Andrews's chosen title, if it was his choice, "The Danger of an Infallible Bible," and the form of his statement in the paragraph which we have quoted, if he is correctly reported, were both unfortunate. They were critical, not constructive, and combative rather than instructive. We do not wonder that those who love the Bible and revere it as a sacred book are offended by utterances phrased like the above, and regard them as an attack, not only on the book, but on the religion which it inculcates.

But Mr. Andrews's statement differed only in form, not in substance, from a definition of the Bible furnished by one of the most eminent of American theologians, whose evangelical soundness has not, we think, ever been doubted—Professor Samuel Harris, of Yale University, who, in his very able volume entitled "A Self-Revelation of God," thus defines the nature of divine revelation in the Bible:

"If," says Professor Harris, "God reveals himself, it must be *through the medium of the finite* and to finite beings. The revelation must be commensurate with the medium through which it is made and with the development of the minds to whom it is made. Hence both the *revelation* itself and man's apprehension of the God revealed must be progressive and at any point of time *incomplete*. Hence, while it is the true God who reveals himself, man's apprehension of God at different stages of his own development may be not only incomplete, but marred by gross misconception."

We are unable to see how any Christian scholar can question the accuracy of Dr. Harris's statement, nor how any one who believes Peter's statement that the spirit of God is promised "unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call," can doubt that inspiration is as real, as vital, as efficient, as it ever has been at any time or among any people.

The Bible is a book of human experience; and, while it is certainly much more inspired than some of our hymns, some of our hymns are as truly inspired as some of the psalms contained in the Hebrew Psalter.

THE WAR AND RAILWAY EXTENSION IN ASIA MINOR

WEEK by week the cable news from the Near East shows increasingly the importance of the campaigns which are gathering force and volume in Asia Minor. Recently, for instance, came news of one of the most picturesque and surprising incidents of the war; the fact that Russian Cossacks had made a junction with the British forces on the Tigris south of Kut-el-Amara, where General Townshend recently surrendered. It is not probable that this Russian force was large, but it was a dashing and brilliant military feat for their leader to bring them in safety for perhaps two hundred miles across rough and mountainous country in a few days. This cavalry dash is not so important as a reinforcement to General Gorringe, who is in command of the British relief army which was unable to succor General Townshend, as it is as an indication of the team work, so to speak, of British and Russians. The Mesopotamia campaign is only one of the important military movements in Asia Minor; the Russian armies under the Grand Duke Nicholas which crossed the Caucasus Mountains and captured Erzerum are extending their lines both south towards Bagdad and west from Trebizond, and when we take into account the Russian movements in Persia and the presence in Greece of the now formidable army of the Allies with its base at Salonika, it seems more than probable that the next few months may witness military developments on a large scale and with far-reaching results in this section of the general field.

All this movement is closely connected with the railway development in Turkey and the country adjoining Turkey. Very few people have any idea whatever of the extent of this railway development, and still less of the immense importance which it must play, not only in the war, but in settling all the questions of expansion and influence which must follow the war.

The accompanying map shows graphically the rivalry between the different nations in the building and projecting of railways. The Outlook is indebted both for the map and for a clear statement of facts to an article by Mr. Leon Dominian in the Bulletin of the American Geographical Society for December, 1915. It will be seen that Germany, France, Great

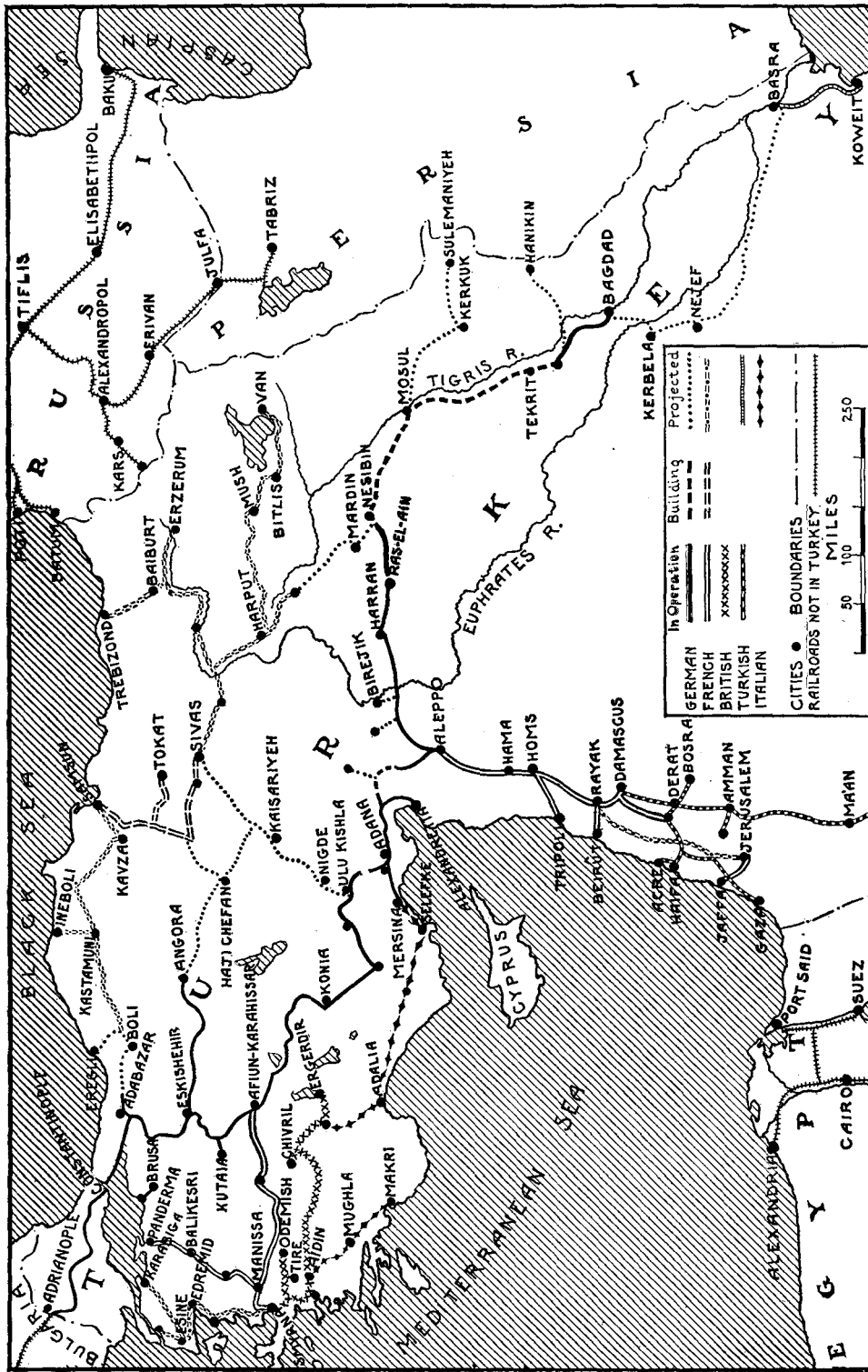
Britain, Turkey, and Italy have all been building, planning, projecting, or operating railway lines.

Whatever else happens, it seems certain that Turkey, or at least what is now Turkish territory, will receive permanent benefit from the war because of these railway rivalries. The map shows as accurately as can be determined the present condition of railways, and also the nations which before the war owned the lines or held the concessions for their construction. Incidentally the lines of proposed construction indicate some of the main roads of travel and of movement of military supplies and troops.

The line of greatest importance, and which has received during the war period the greatest extension, is the German Bagdad line. Before the war this had been completed to a point between Ulu Kishla and Adana, and also some part of the line was completed in the Adana plain between the Taurus and Amanus Mountain ranges. Eastward the road is in the great Mesopotamia plain, extending all the way east to Persia and the Persian Gulf. At Aleppo there is connection with the great French line running southward parallel with the Mediterranean and beyond and connecting in turn with the Turkish lines running farther south. The road goes to Aleppo, branching a little north of this city to the east and the west. The eastern branch, which is the main line towards Bagdad, crosses the Euphrates River and has been constructed about 250 miles from Aleppo. From Bagdad north along the Tigris River the road has been built for a short distance.

In Palestine the railways have been extended to Gaza, and probably to Beersheba, and possibly beyond. The edge of the desert between Palestine and the Suez Canal is thus reached, and it may be that the road has been extended into the desert. The military value of this road is obvious.

An interesting point as to the railways of Turkey was their use in the tragedy of the Armenian deportation. The Bagdad Railway was the great means of transportation used. Along this line hundreds of thousands of homeless Armenians were forced to travel. Over the mountain passes where the railway is not completed they trudged on afoot.



THE RAILWAYS OF FIVE NATIONS IN ASIA MINOR

THE NEW "TECH"

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

"BUT where are your dormitories?" you asked, when some undergraduate showed you over the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston. "And where is your chapel?"

He replied with a grin and a sweep of the hand toward the Hotel Brunswick (five dollars a day) and the beautiful ivied cloisters of Trinity Church. It was an old joke—as old, almost, as the stock observation in New England colleges, "Don't expect much of the Tech team. There's no athletic field at M. I. T., and no 'gym,' and all they do is 'grind' day and night in dowdy lodging-house rooms. Tech isn't any more a college than the Sorbonne is, or the University of London."

Both the joke and the taunt are done with now. Last week's pageant in Cambridge celebrated not only the inauguration of Tech's magnificent new \$7,000,000 "plant" facing the Charles River at the right as one crosses the Harvard Bridge from Boston, but also the beginnings of college life. With its club-houses, its athletic field, its gymnasium, and its splendidly equipped dormitories, the new Tech will be all that the old Tech was not.

Naturally, the multitudes of returning alumni were most impressed by the great \$4,000,000 Educational Building, a ninth of a mile along its front, the first structure of monumental proportions ever erected in concrete, the largest monolith in the world, and a solution of that very difficult æsthetic problem—to take a mill and make it a temple. [A photograph appears this week in *The Outlook*.] Sheathed in white stone, and with long, low lines severely classic, it confines its decoration to a huge central dome, reproducing that of the Roman Pantheon, and an Ionic porch at the inner end of a court of honor whose corner pavilions, reservedly ornate, have Greek roofs receding in steps.

Seen from Boston, the total effect appears somewhat chill. One admits its unity, its simplicity, its entire reasonableness, but resents the rather unsympathetic rigidity of its cold horizontals. However, the trees next the boulevard on the Cambridge shore are growing fast and will relieve the stiffness. No doubt Mr. Bosworth counted on this when he shaped his designs.

Seen close at hand, the effect is altogether charming. Perspective lends grace and lightness to what had seemed uncompromising. The snowy dome hangs in air. The monotonous, grim horizontals gain a genial and highly interesting variety, while unadorned walls, with their rows of tall windows, become colonnades. On the whole, then, an architectural triumph, dignified, appropriate, and at all points creditable. Nowhere departing from traditional standards, it will endure the test of time.

One opportunity—to make the structure declare its immensity—Mr. Bosworth has intentionally ignored. You would never guess that two Boston public libraries could find space inside the court of honor and leave room for quite a profitable little farm, or that the five-hundred-foot tower of Boston's new Custom-House, if laid prostrate there, would fall short of reaching from one side to the other. And yet just this refusal to emphasize the building's dimensions yields an added attractiveness. You are not merely amused at being deceived and undeceived, as at St. Peter's or the Pyramids; you sense the genius that has given coherency to such a vast composition. No matter where you stand, it is one building, whereas with only a slight alteration it would be a somewhat considerable World's Fair.

Inside it is pretty nearly that, with shops, draughting-rooms, museums, laboratories, and studios, everywhere embodying the last word in modern efficiency. Most amazing is the colossal hydraulic laboratory, which resembles an indoor shipyard partly, and partly a swimming-pool for giants. As an example of the niceties observed throughout the new Tech, note the apparatus at each window for laundering the air as it comes in. A dustless town is the new Tech—for reasons technical. With its concrete monolith it is also free from tremors, whereas trolley cars joggled the old Tech, and in order to read a measuring scale through a microscope it was necessary to dig a well, build a pillar from the well's bottom, and set the microscope on top of the pillar.

To engineers the astounding thing about this enormous Educational Building is the speed with which it has gone up. All in a year! Impossible, save for a system of stra-

tegic railways, the hoisting of concrete by means of temporary towers from which it poured rapidly through long, adjustable, antenna-like pipes, and particularly the shed erected for architects, contractors, and professors to squabble in. Instead of waiting for details to be thrashed out in advance, the policy has been to go ahead, make mistakes, and correct them. Without that policy the work would have taken two years. As it is, the mere job of moving from Boston will take all summer.

Curiously, the new Tech will not have abandoned its native soil. The made land it stands on in Cambridge consists of dirt dug out of the Boylston Street subway. Nor is the new Tech by any means entirely new. Thanks to the advertising its assured future gave it, the Institute grew astonishingly even a year ago, matriculating nineteen hundred students and enrolling enough recruits for next September to expand its number to two thousand, the maximum it is prepared to shelter. As for its financial programme—

namely, when you haven't got a cent left, spend it—it remains unaltered. Never once has Tech limited its ambitions because of its poverty. It has run into debt, achieved brilliant results without knowing who would foot the bills, and trusted some enthusiast to see the results and wipe out the deficit. This worked. To-day, of the \$7,000,000 contributed by the Du Ponts, the alumni, and the "mysterious" Mr. Smith, who was to have been unveiled last week but lacked the fortitude, every cent goes into equipment, and the designs for the immense Educational Building depict a structure as large again. What of it? "Mr. Smith" gave \$3,000,000, and there will be additional "Mr. Smiths." Tech can rely on them.

If expansion hastens slowly, so much the better in some ways. With boys clamoring for admission and the new Tech already too small for them, the Institute is about to raise its entrance requirements, which, as "Technicians" know, are at present appalling.

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE GLORY OF GOING ON

PROFESSOR GEORGE H. PALMER has written a very suggestive pamphlet entitled "The Glory of the Imperfect." This is the glory of democracy; the glory of development out of the imperfect; the glory not of achievement but of achieving. Of this glory Tennyson has sung:

"Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle to right the wrong—

Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she;

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be."

This is the glory of Democracy—the glory of going on. In a true sense, she might take Paul's motto to be her motto: "Not as though I had already attained; . . . but I follow after."

This glory of the imperfect, this glory of going on, this glory of following after, appeals to me and makes me a democrat. So it is that all that the cynics say about the imperfection and crudity of American life

makes me more than ever glad that I am an American.

Some years ago I heard a scholarly lecturer say, if I recollect aright, that prior to 1800 there were in Christendom very few parks and still fewer museums or art galleries which belonged to the people. Such as existed belonged to kings or cardinals or lay lords, who gave to the people as a favor the privilege of visiting them at times appointed, a relic of which age exists to-day in the remarkable art home of Mrs. Jack Gardner, of Boston, opened by her generosity once a year to the public. When I was a boy, the popular musical entertainment in New York City was furnished by Christie's minstrels; the present Central Park was an unpicturesque wilderness occupied by the slovenly huts of squatters and made perilous for the pedestrian even in the daytime by biting dogs and bucking goats; as to art galleries, I do not recall a single one. Now we have in that city four or five symphonic orchestras,

a great park system, and three considerable public art galleries, besides a number of private galleries open to the public. Nearly every considerable city has an organized system of orchestral concerts; every large city has its park system, and an increasing number of villages have playgrounds for the children; and there are worthy art collections, not only in such centers as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, but smaller and in every way worthy collections in lesser cities, such as Worcester, Hartford, New Haven, Buffalo, Toledo. The Outlook not long since published a list of some fifteen or twenty of these art galleries established within the last quarter of a century. The Old World has greater art collections than the New World can boast. But nowhere has the growth in music, landscape architecture, and art been so rapid as in America. And I experience a great joy in living in a country whose pride is not in what it has achieved but in what it is achieving, whose glory is the glory of going on.

These reflections have been recently revived by the story of the creation and development of the art gallery in Toledo, Ohio, which, as told to me by a friend, I endeavor to retell here to the readers of The Outlook.

The city of Toledo is neither very large nor very rich, and until recently was better known as a center of intersecting railways than as an art center. That it now has a growing and somewhat unique art reputation is due to the initiative of one man—George W. Stevens. Its Museum was started a few years ago without the incentive of an endowment or a bequest. It possessed in its cradle one painting, a mummy cat, six chairs, and an enthusiastic desire and a settled and invincible resolve to be simple, direct, practical, and useful. It is now housed in a beautiful white marble temple of Ionic architecture with a hundred feet frontage, standing in an oak grove in the residential section of the city. It comprises a large sculpture court, two large and four smaller galleries, club rooms, a library, and an auditorium. In the size of its apartments the building is reported as ranking next to the Museums in New York City, Boston, Pittsburgh, and Chicago.

That it now owns property approximately worth a million dollars and is entirely out of debt is, however, its least notable feature.

Such a museum has two important func-

tions to render to the community—art conservation and art education. In a democracy the latter is the more important function of the two, for in a democracy the acquisition and conservation of objects of art are chiefly valuable because they promote art education among the people. In every community there are a few who naturally visit the art gallery for purposes either of study or of enjoyment. But also there are in every community unestimated numbers of men, women, and children who have a latent capacity for art intelligence and art enjoyment which needs only to be stimulated and guided. It is no small part of a museum's duty, not only to open its doors to the people, but to take efficient measures to bring the people to its doors. This the Toledo Museum has done by various methods. The Museum is a school. Free educational motion pictures are furnished on Saturdays and Sundays; free modeling classes are maintained for young people from six to sixteen years of age; free concerts for children are given every week; annual exhibitions of the work of the children bring their parents in great numbers to see not only the progress which the pupils have made, but also the art ideals which are put before them. The interest of the children in the Museum is enhanced by giving them a share in the responsibility of its management, for it is policed not by paid guards but by a volunteer force of small boys. The same principle has created a universal municipal interest in the Museum by devolving the responsibility for its maintenance, not upon a few rich men, but upon the entire community. No less than thirty thousand people subscribed sums for its erection ranging from ten cents to ten thousand dollars each, and it is maintained by the dues of upwards of two thousand members.

Nor has the Museum confined its efforts at art education to operations under its own roof. It has stimulated the planting of trees throughout the city, and the placing in these trees of ten thousand bird-houses built by the children. It has even held a vegetable show, in the faith that those interested in growing vegetables would presumably be next interested in growing flowers and in beautifying their own surroundings. In a sentence, Toledo, which a few years ago was neither more nor less materialistic and sordid than the average American railway and manufacturing city, is being transformed by this Mu-

(Continued on page 418)

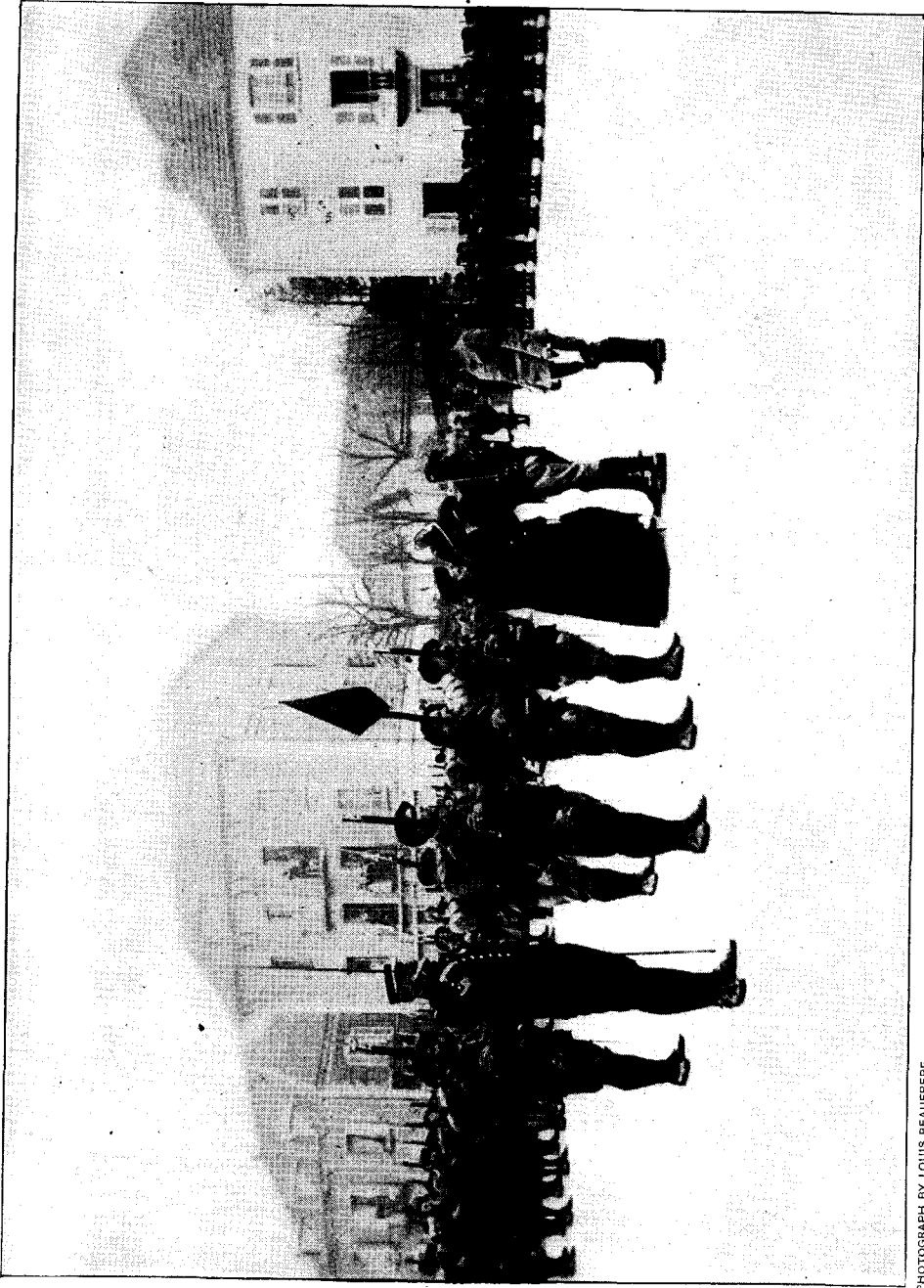
Current Events Pictorially Treated



PHOTOGRAPH FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

LI YUAN-HUNG, CHINA'S NEW PRESIDENT

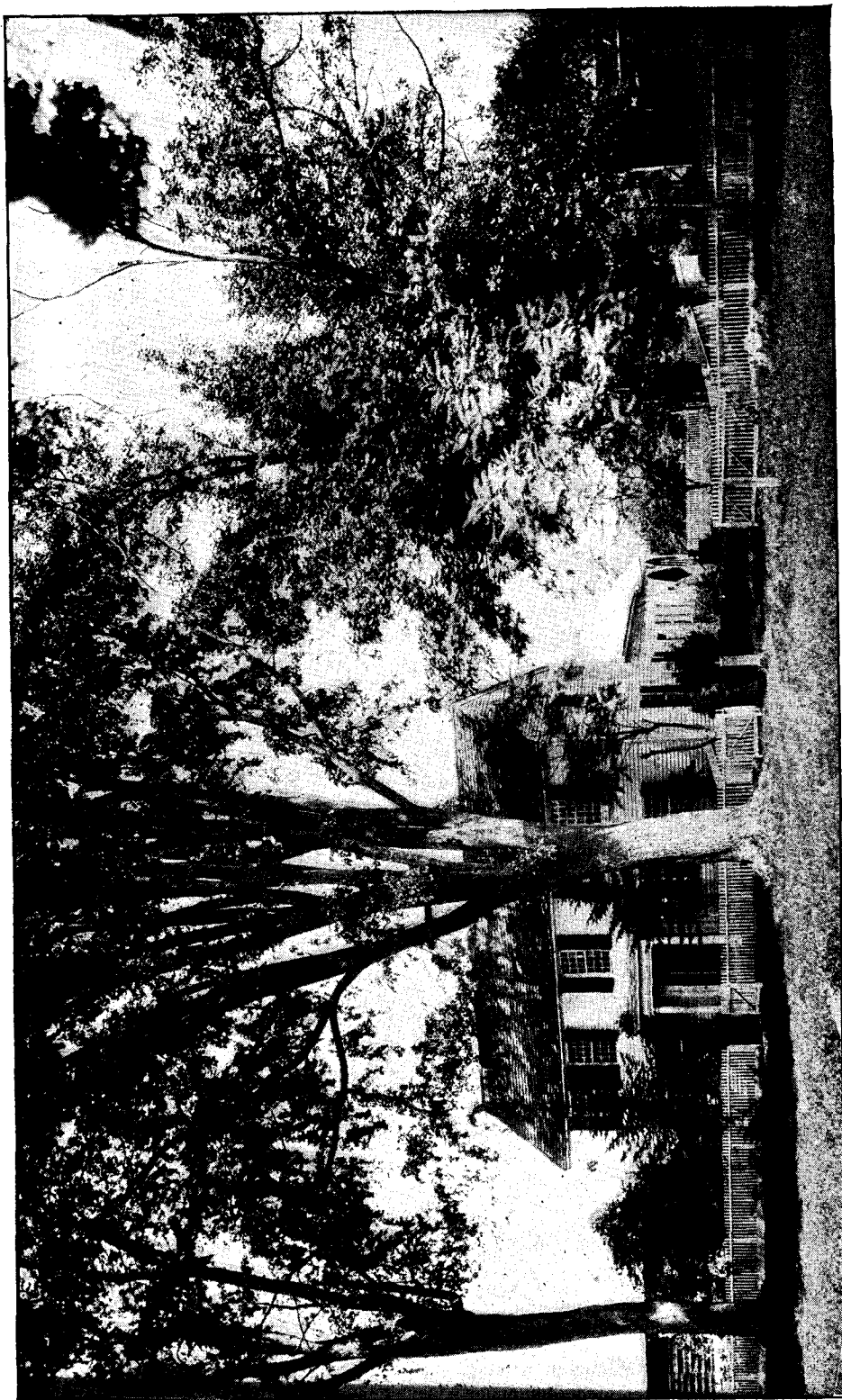
On the death of President Yuan Shi-kai, June 6, Li Yuan-hung, who had been Vice-President, succeeded to the Presidency of the Chinese Republic. China's new head was the commander of the republican forces in the revolution of 1911 which overthrew the Manchus, and is believed to be popular both with the army and the people. He has been called the "Savior of China."



PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIS BEAUFRERE

A VICARIOUS HONOR TO A DEAD SOLDIER OF THE FRENCH ARMY

With a sentiment that is peculiar to the French, their heroic dead are sometimes honored by the bestowal upon a surviving relative of a medal which they have merited but cannot receive. In the scene reproduced above both the mother and the wife of the deceased hero are the recipients of this military distinction



THE SOPHIA SMITH HOUSE

This typical New England house at Hatfield, Massachusetts, was the home of Sophia Smith, whose bequest resulted in the establishment of Smith College at Northampton, Massachusetts. See editorial comment



COPYRIGHT BY INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

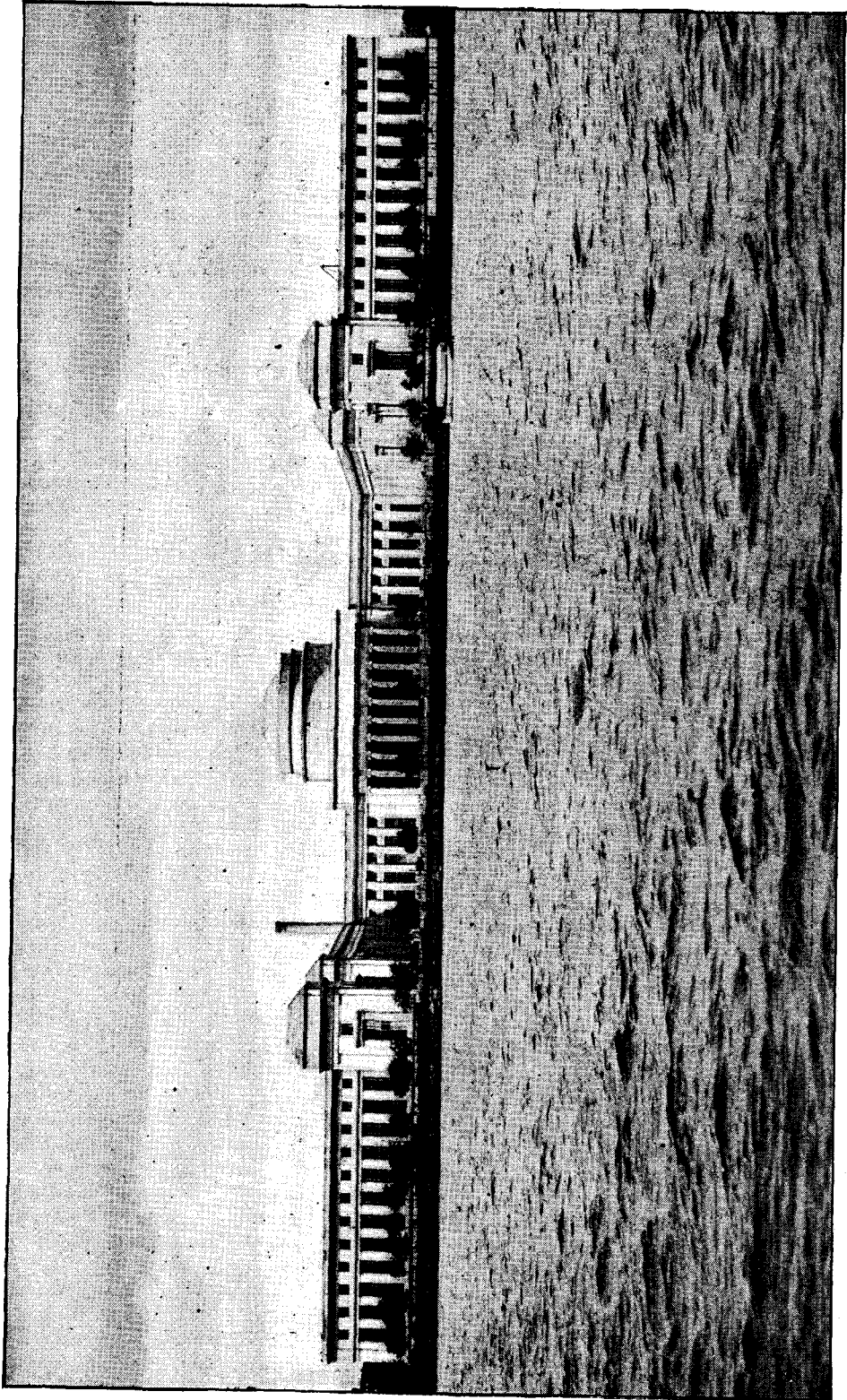
THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE



COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING

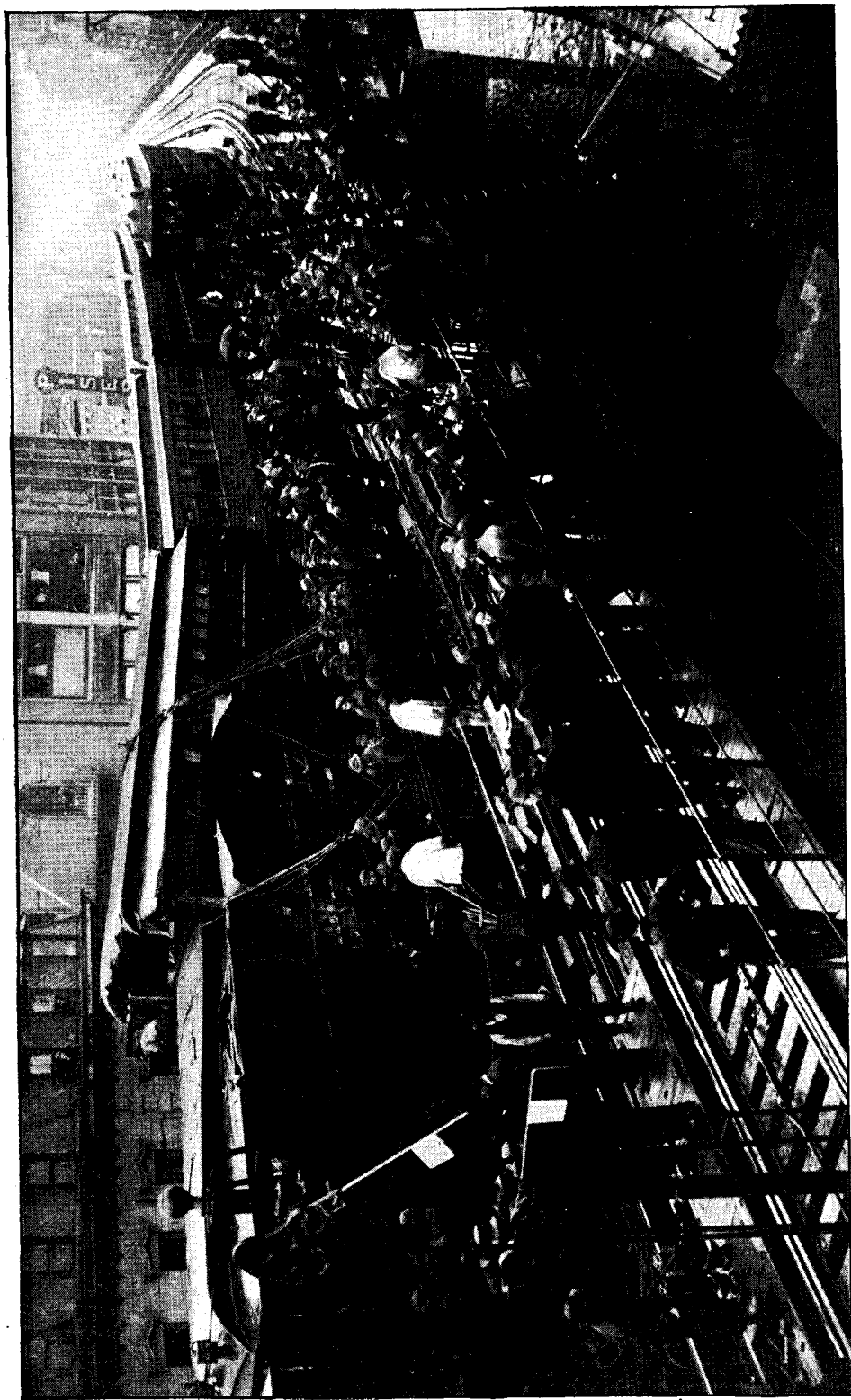
CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

SIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT



THE NEW HOME OF THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

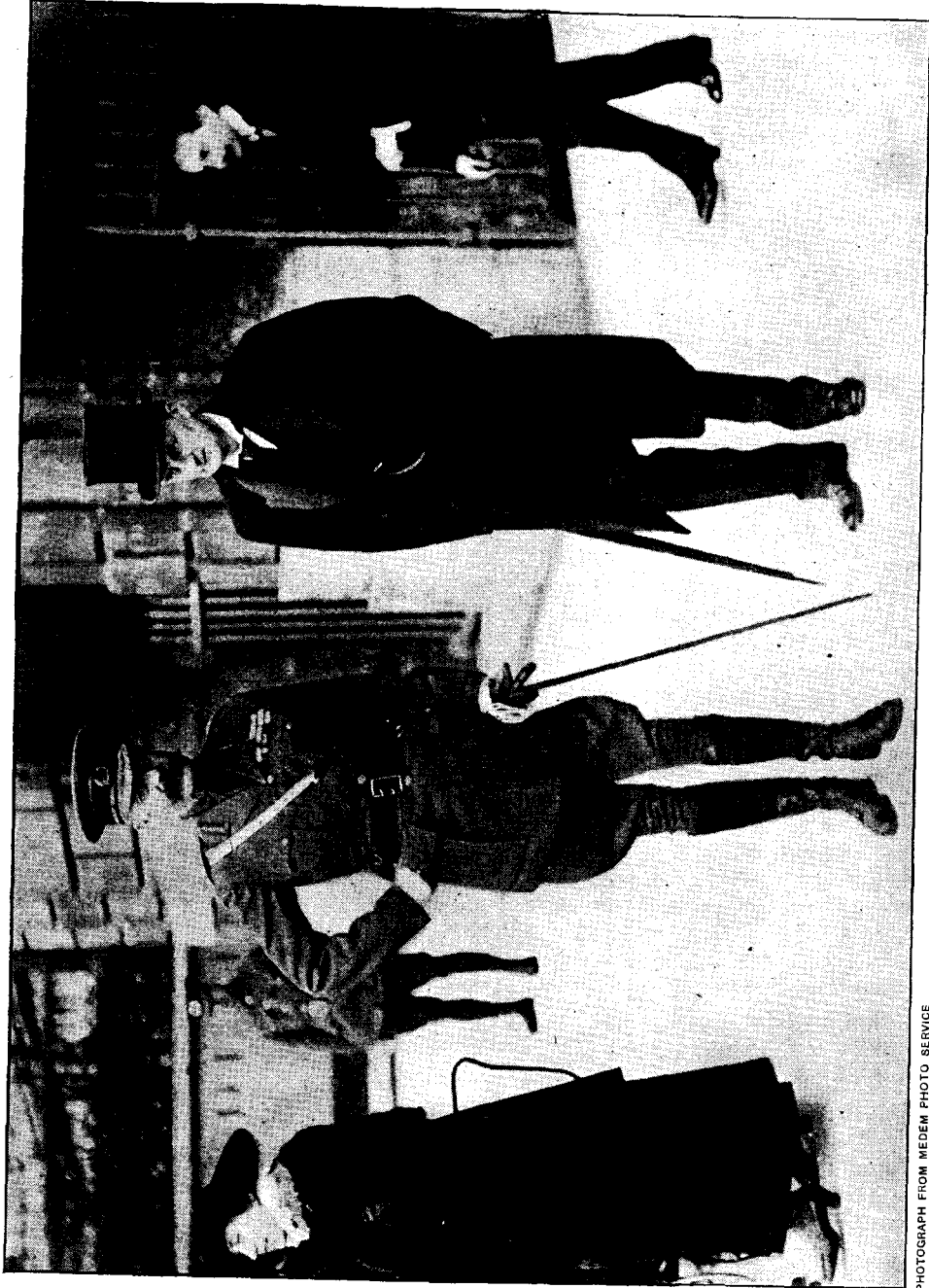
The "Tech," as it is familiarly called, is now splendidly housed on the banks of the Charles River, in buildings which make the institution's old home in Boston seem commonplace. See descriptive comment elsewhere in this issue



COPYRIGHT BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

AN ACCIDENT ON THE ELEVATED RAILWAY IN NEW YORK CITY

It seems incredible that a rear-end collision like that whose effects are illustrated in the above photograph could take place in a non-rush hour in New York City. The motorman, it is thought, supposed the train ahead of him would begin to move before he reached it. He "took a chance," and paid for his mistake with his life. It remains for the authorities to devise a system which will not permit such hazards to be taken



PHOTOGRAPH FROM MEDEM PHOTO SERVICE

A RECENT PICTURE OF THE LATE LORD KITCHENER

The photograph shows Lord Kitchener as he appeared on the occasion of the recent conference of the Allies in Paris. At the right is Sir Edward Grey. See poem on opposite page

KITCHENER'S MARCH

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Not the muffled drums for him,
Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

Of his patience, of his calm,
Of his quiet faithfulness,
England, raise your hero's cairn!
He is worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep.
There's a spirit cannot die
While a heart is left to leap
In the land he gave his all,
Steel alike to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent—
Death has struck too late.

*Not the muffled drums for him,
Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!*

seum into a city of beautiful homes inhabited by a people of great and growing artistic appreciations.

The friend to whom I am indebted for the information on which this Knoll Paper is based truly characterizes this Museum as a monument to George W. Stevens. A letter which he wrote to my friend I venture to reproduce here, though it was not written for publication. I hope that he will pardon my printing it without asking his permission, because it is printed, not to extend his reputation, but to extend the usefulness of his inspiring example :

I have received your kind letter of April 20. It is perhaps as you say, I did not give much information regarding myself. Perhaps it was because, when I am put to that task, there never seems to be anything to say other than I was once born and am now living.

Your last paragraph suggests that there were perhaps some limitations handicapping my work. Of course we all have our handicaps, and the game is to overcome them. Perhaps I had a bit too many, inasmuch as for the last five or six years I have been quite ill, and have had to live in hospitals, beds, wheel-chairs, or crutches. Fortunately, most of my troubles have been corrected by great and good specialists, and for the past eight or ten months I have

been a very active going concern. It requires much work to keep a young Museum moving properly; consequently I have been handicapped by the loss of much valuable time. Had it not been for this drawback, we might have accomplished much more. As it is, however, we are all well satisfied. My next effort will be to establish an adequate maintenance fund, following which necessary additions will be made to the building which when done will give Toledo a splendid institution for all time to come.

In closing I might suggest that perhaps, after all, the various ailments besetting us are not really handicaps in our work; if we are too healthy, we might go fishing and forget all about work.

These lines will have to be signed on the typewriter, as I am still unable to use my eyes—they have been promised to me for next week. I am, nevertheless,

Cordially and sincerely yours,
GEORGE W. STEVENS, Director,
Toledo Museum of Art.

Any attempt on my part to draw from this simple narrative any moral lesson or to add to it any words of praise would only impair its value. Deeds speak louder than words, and they speak a language which all can understand.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

THE TWO CHICAGO CONVENTIONS

I—PASSING THE CRISIS IN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

ONE afternoon during the Republican Convention week I spent a half-hour with one of the elder and astute Republican leaders. I think that in many ways he is the most astute of them all. He is of the Old Guard, and yet not of it. He has enough of the conservative quality in his nature so that radical departures from party discipline and order never move him, but, on the other hand, he has never been under the control of reactionary financial influence, and he reads the temper of progress and does what he can to bring progress to pass. He was a quiet and powerful influence in the National Convention this year, and as things seemed to him to be moving, and actually turned out to be moving, certainly and resist-

lessly in the direction of his own belief and desire, I found him self-poised and calm in the midst of discordant views and conflicting purposes. I have known him in other years, and he talked freely and frankly like a genial political philosopher approaching the evening of his life.

And this in substance is what he said to me as he looked out reflectively through his window in the Blackstone over the stormy waters of Lake Michigan. "The Republican party," said he, "was born in a great burst of patriotism and faith in human rights. After the war big property interests slowly got hold of it because they found it worth while to control the leading departments of the Government, and the most certain way

to do it was to control or get into power their kind of big leaders in one or both of the old parties. And that is the way we got the Old Guard. And that is the meaning of the Old Guard. Whether they acknowledged it or not, the Old Guard stood for that point of view. And it all but wrecked the Republican party. In 1912 influences of that kind made their last stand for the old order. And if they had succeeded there would soon have been no Republican party. The trend of the country is against that sort of control." And then he put his big hand over and grasped mine, and said, "What Roosevelt and the Progressives did in 1912 was to save the Republican party to the service of the country." And he went on: "The Old Guard cannot control this Convention. There are none of us who can place our delegates with the certainty of former years. The delegates are going to have a Republican, but they are going to have Hughes because they think he is the biggest party Republican who can be elected to serve the country in the present crisis. The Old Guard is for Hughes, but it is because they have to be. None of us leaders could put anybody else across, no matter how hard we might try."

This was the afternoon before the Convention opened, and I had full opportunity to test out the insight of this distinguished political party manager during the succeeding days. Under the shadow and protection of the shield of a big, friendly Chicago policeman, I had a seat at every session on the corner of the platform, where I could look the Convention over at my leisure and observe at least the objective signs of all that was going on within the minds of delegates and leaders. The Convention was never what might be termed enthusiastic, but it became, as the days went by, a serious and determined Convention. There were no great groups of direct primary freemen, as in 1912, fighting militantly for their rights against what they believed to be a stubborn and tyrannous oligarchy. The Convention was pretty carefully hand-picked, but it was not a convention of political hacks or of docile political incapables who would stand without hitching. It was hand-picked in the sense that great care had been taken by the leaders to get men of substance and of assured party position, who would have the party point of view, and who could not, by any manner of means, be stampeded to anybody who was not a party Republican, no

matter whether his name was Gladstone or Alexander the Great. There never was a moment after the Convention met when there was the slightest possibility of the success of the hopes of certain Progressive leaders that Theodore Roosevelt might be nominated by the Republicans. It was simply not in the human stuff which made up the Republican Convention to do any such thing when once the delegates had assembled in Chicago. After the entirely friendly conferences which took place between the Progressive committee and the Republican committee, the Old Guard leaders were mellowed than the delegates. The delegates wished reunion, but not Roosevelt. And if by any stretch of imagination the Old Guard had come to conceive it wise that Roosevelt should be nominated, it would have been impossible for them to force their will upon the Convention. In other words, the delegates were generally estimable men who were in this matter the natural aftermath of the prepossessions, the habits of mind, the resentments, which drove the Old Guard group to such lengths four years before. There was not the slightest need this time of strong-arm methods or fraud or any other device to beat Roosevelt. The power certainly to accomplish this lay in the unalterable purpose of the delegates themselves.

There was care shown in the selection of the membership of the Republican Convention, but this task was made entirely easy by the fact that many efficient leaders and a multitude of voters withdrew from the party in 1912, and although the majority of them had returned, they were not yet in a position, and most of them were not yet in the mood of inclination, to enter into a struggle for delegates in the primary campaign. And so the conservatives naturally had their way and the process of selection against Roosevelt was far from difficult.

The threat of the Progressive Convention was therefore impotent to obtain the choice of Mr. Roosevelt by the Republican party. And the attempt was further made futile by the deep-seated conviction of the Old Guard leaders themselves that if the Republican Convention took the issue of Americanism and a fit nominee, wild horses could not draw Theodore Roosevelt into the contest of a third party. They banked on their experience of his patriotic integrity and his long life of devotion to the interest of the country. And they won easily. What actually

was accomplished by Mr. Roosevelt and the remnant of the Progressive organization was that the necessity of the issue of Americanism and of the strongest possible nomination of a Republican was made plain to the dull-est delegate in the Coliseum. The threat of Roosevelt nursed the issue of Americanism to the point where the Republicans necessarily and naturally took it over in its maturity, and made impossible the nomination of any other candidate except Justice Hughes.

All this lay in the background. But as the days went by, and the tension lightened a little, and the preliminary deadness and gloom were shaken off, and the sunshine came after the rain, and the bands played patriotic airs, and the songs of the Nation rang out from ten thousand throats, and the cheery and natural and very human and sensible speech of the veteran Depew suffused its charm, and the silver-toned eloquence of Governor Willis, of Ohio, with its appeal to the spirit of idealism and reunion and reconsecration aroused a deeper thrill, and the splendid and scholarly patriotic utterance of President Butler, of Columbia, strengthened the National purpose and conviction of the assembly, it was plain to any impartial observer that bitterness and rancor and prejudice and resentments were being lost sight of by the delegates themselves, and the higher sentiment of the vast gathering was asserting itself with power. From that moment a stout Americanism and Hughes became the hearty and willing choice of the thousand representatives of National Republicanism. Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.

At no time was it a Convention of enthusiasm. But it developed a serious and common purpose which in the end may be better for the country. The soul of the Convention slowly found itself. The Progressive Convention was all soul, too much dissociated from the organized habits and ways by which impulses are put into effect in this world. I have no sort of sympathy with the view which prevailed among the unthinking here that the Progressive Convention was a gathering of wild men and women. It was a holy impulse, but there was a large element of impracticalness. This is illustrated in an exaggerated way by the remark of an excellent-spirited but not well-informed gentleman from the Middle West who sat in front of me when John M. Parker, of Louisiana, was nominated by the Progressives for Vice-President:

"That is a darned good nomination, too," said he, "to break the solid South!" That was the Progressive Convention on the side of its yearning impossibility. But it had a noble side, a side of earnest men beating their hearts out against the hard, unyielding system of the world in which they lived. "Intrenched power, deeply rooted partisan habit of mind, money, everything, seems against us," said one of their most eloquent champions, "and yet if we keep our political motives pure, our faces toward the morning, we shall win the victory." The country cannot get along without that spirit, neither can the Republican party. In the Republican Convention the need of America was being supplied laboriously through the machinery of a tempering and resisting organization. In the Progressive Convention it found exultant expression in the utterance and heart-beat of free and untrammelled human spirits. The Progressive Convention seemed to me to be something like the abolitionist core of the Republican party, squeezed out and palpitatingly exposed to view in the Auditorium. It will be the first real job of Hughes and Americanism to get that core back where it belongs in the center of Republicanism.

It was interesting to watch the Coliseum Convention feeling its way inexorably to Hughes. It was a unique spectacle in American politics. Nobody to speak for him, nobody to pay for him, nobody to prepare demonstrations for him, nothing but deep and unseen and more or less subconscious human forces, selfish and unselfish, inside and outside the Convention, pushing him forward with the precision and irresistibility of glacial pressure. Political foreordination ought to be good Republican doctrine from this time forward. Thence sprang the nomination of Hughes. And it brought forward a strong, able, upright man. I was amused more than once by hearing certain Middle Western and Far Western leaders, Progressive and Republican, expressing doubt as to the sort of a campaign that Hughes would be able to conduct. The Middle Westerners, at least, ought not to have forgotten the remarkable incursion of Hughes into Ohio and Minnesota during the campaign of 1908, and certainly no New Yorker can fail to recall those wonderful sweeps across the Empire State which Hughes made again and again during his Governorship, exhorting and arousing the people and establishing for himself and the Republican party and for the com-

monwealth an alert and conscientious electorate such as New York never knew before and has never known since. When he first ran for the Governorship, he was far from a flexible and pleasing and powerful speaker. He was too didactic and legal. But the time came, as his observation and experience grew, when he strode the platforms of great assemblies with the tread of a giant. Neither the Republicans nor the people anywhere in the country need give themselves any concern whatever about his mental or technical equipment for the task of the campaign which is before him, nor doubt his eminent fitness as a brilliant leader of National opinion both before and after he may enter upon the Presidency.

One of the most notable differences between Hughes and Wilson is this: The trend of the political theory of Wilson seems to be that he is first the premier of his party and second the President of the country. The trend of the political theory of Hughes is that he should be first the President of the country and second the premier of his party. Hughes in New York stood for two great changes in the political order of his State: first, for the liberalization of the party machinery, and, second, for putting powerful privileged interest in a just relation to the sovereignty of the whole people. He was against the race-track gambling syndicate, not on narrow ethical grounds, but because the syndicate had unjustly secured through the Legislature, in evasion of the Constitution, privileges not accorded to the rest of the people. The syndicate was powerfully regnant over the Constitution and the people, and not in a position of proper subordination. And Hughes put an end to it. In a wise public utilities law he invoked the sovereignty and supervision of the State to check monopolistic practices. But his fairness to the corporation was as evident as his fidelity to the people. In his long fight against great odds for the direct primary he sought, not to destroy party organization, but to make it serve the popular will. His idea of the direct primary was that it should be simply a referendum upon the choices of public office made by popularly elected party leaders. He wished to elect the leaders freely and directly and let them have a great deal to say, but he wished to put a final check upon them in the knowledge that on primary day they had to go up against a referendum of the people. As he often used to phrase it, he was in

favor of putting the hobbles upon the party bosses and of taking them off the people.

As I have watched the proceedings in and about the conventions this year and have sought to interpret them in terms of the great revolution of 1912, it has struck me more forcibly than ever that the original thing which the great party bolt of four years ago started out to accomplish has not been accomplished at all. What the protesting element was really aroused over in Chicago in 1912 was the tyranny of the National Committee of the Republican party in holding on to iniquitous party rules and customs after they were brought to the light and when they had become obnoxious to the popular will and conscience. But the process of making the Republican party responsive to the reactions of the best instincts of its own rank and file by proportioning representation in the National Convention to the voting power of the party in the separate States, and then electing the delegates directly under just and uniform rules on the same day in all the States, has hardly been entered upon. Instead, the bolting Republicans were joined with a great variety of political elements in the country, and the Progressive party was founded in a great burst of altruistic National vision. I do not think it could have been avoided, because there were long-suppressed internal volcanic forces and convictions in the country demanding an outlet and a National hearing. And the country will always be a better country because the volcanic outburst came.

But now the outburst is quieted, and the Progressive party, which was the channel of its expression, has disintegrated. The liberalization of the Republican organization has not gone forward, and still there is the party menace of another revolt against entrenched injustice. And the National menace, too, because it would be far better if progress could be orderly and rational in the United States under the two-party system. Now Hughes, if elected, is, in my opinion, likely to be profoundly interested in the liberalization of the organization of National parties. So it may be that instinctively, even if unconsciously, the Republican Convention has opened the way for the stream of political progress to flow on as it would have done smoothly and powerfully in 1912 except for the Bourbon wall of adamant which then blocked the channel.

And the Hughes nomination, too, will

sooner or later meet a response in the conscience of the great business organization of America. One of the finest evidences of the dawning change in the point of view of business leaders has appeared in the backing which strong men in commerce and finance have given to the Roosevelt programme of National unity and preparation in the last eighteen months. And most of them backed it through motives of the highest patriotism. This patriotic fealty will be transferred to Hughes if, as he is sure to do, he voices powerfully the aspiration and the need of the real America. The tested and tried fairness and firmness of Hughes towards the economic interests of the country and his natural instinct toward freedom and efficiency within the political parties are traits of leadership which will help to quiet and resolve the unsettled issues of 1912 as well as the deeper ones of the present hour. If we take the long view, the Republican Convention, both in its platform and its candidate, will undoubtedly furnish a clear illustration of the resistless power and energy of the liberal movement in American politics. The Old Guard is passing. It bows to the inevitable and reaction has not had its way.

Superficially the Republican Convention was rather dull. There was a good deal more doing that was dramatic and human over at the Auditorium, where the Progressives met. But still you could have a good time at the Coliseum. Senator Harding, of Ohio, turned out to be a most able and delightful presiding officer. There never was a moment during the whole week when he was not the master of the assembly, and he did it so easily and so pleasantly and so tactfully that it was a joy to watch him. Until the Convention got to understand its own mind as late as Friday morning I was afraid that Abraham Lincoln would be nominated in spite of himself and in spite of his absence from earthly scenes. It seemed to me he missed it several times only by a hair. And then I wondered. Suppose he had appeared in the flesh and had told the Convention directly and plainly beforehand, as he knew how, just where he stood on "divided allegiance," for example. I wonder whether they would have nominated him, after all. I wonder whether or not he would have been regarded as "available."

The place was full of sergeants-at-arms. That was the way several hundred political gentlemen from near and far seemed to have

secured admission to the show. The sergeants-at-arms had no seats, and the hall was full of policemen with superior authority whose duty seemed to be chiefly to keep the sergeants-at-arms moving so that the aisles would be clear. And one of the more stout and jovial of the political sergeants, a prosperous and perspiring representative from Indiana who was over-topped in his civil capacity by the military arm, and who suffered from the perpetual injunction to "move on," was wont thus to greet his friends in the Indiana delegation hastily as he passed them on each circuit: "Good-by, Ed, good-by, Fred, good-by, Joe; I'll see you on the next round." He finally worked off his sergeant's badge on another political gentleman in exchange for the badge of a page. The only difference, he told me, between the two jobs was that as a page he had to run instead of walk, but any kind of a change was welcome.

What about the platform and Fairbanks? The platform is well enough, but it has only gums and not teeth. One of the chief tasks of candidate Hughes will be to put teeth into it. The nomination of Fairbanks was far less subtly foreordained than that of Hughes. It was clearly "indicated" to all political doctors. Fairbanks's job is to carry his State of Indiana. The Republicans must have Indiana. It is an uncertain State, and just now is deep dyed in Democracy. It is the State of Vice-President Marshall, probably again to be the running mate of Wilson. It is the State of that able Democratic general Tom Taggart, of French Lick. Roosevelt carried it by 94,000 in 1904, but it is Democratic now almost from top to bottom. Hence Fairbanks. Besides, Fairbanks has Vice-Presidential experience and has kept well out of the shindy of the last four fateful years. He is also showing a broad-minded attitude towards the reconstruction of Republicanism in his State. He has the record for harmony between the Progressive and the Republican factionalists of 1912. Both kinds were on his delegation at Chicago, both kinds are on his State ticket, both kinds are in his reconstructed organization in Indiana. He has shown the way to narrow-visioned Republicans in other commonwealths to heal the wound to the bone.

The Republican party is passing the crisis. The reflection about this Convention that will some day startle the country like a fire-bell in the night is the proscribing of Roosevelt because he would not conform. In its honeyed aspect it is an indication only of

what is known as the partisan bias of political organization in the United States. But in its deeper meaning it is a disconcerting evidence of the presence of the temper of the Russian bureaucracy at work within the organization of American democracy. At its best it signifies the inbred habit of mind of millions which sometimes unconsciously and blindly prefers party to country. The difference between Roosevelt and that habit of mind is that party to him is always a means and not an end. The end is his country. He risked the destruction of the Republican party in 1912 in order that the country might be awakened to free itself from invisible tyranny. And in 1916 he as readily consented to the elimination of the Progressive party, because it could no longer serve the country, but had become a dangerous derelict in the path of political progress. That is the truth which some noble and sorrowful men and women who still cling to the Progressive party will some day see. It is a truth which those who have never perceived in Roosevelt anything but ruthless selfishness will never see.

Happy is it that the spirit of American democracy which ran strong and deep beneath the surface in the Republican Convention should have driven the spirit of proscription for party's sake towards another great and true leader of the American people in the person of Hughes. Whether liberalism

in the person and platform of Hughes shall win the election in the Republican party depends upon the rapid cementing of the union of Republican forces in the United States. The guests in the galleries at the Convention were for the most part the hand-picked favorites of the delegates and leaders on the floor. I speak in respectful terms. There was no attempt to pack the galleries. The galleries were for the most part the invited friends of the organization leaders and delegates below. The political managers of the Republican party would do well to ponder upon the most prolonged and spontaneous expression of regard and devotion which occurred during the Convention, the expression from their own home folks in the gallery when Senator Fall, of New Mexico, had named Theodore Roosevelt. Murray Crane's practiced eye did not fail to scrutinize the spectacle carefully. Let the Republican political managers beware of continuing to nurse the resentment of the forty-two hundred thousand men who broke once for all in 1912 the habit of proscription and unworthy party bias and voted for Theodore Roosevelt on an alien ticket. The Hughes spirit and the Roosevelt spirit together can win this election. But neither can win it alone. If together they win, the Republican party has safely and permanently passed the crisis.

Chicago, June 12, 1916.

II—THE PROGRESSIVES AT CHICAGO

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVENTION

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

NEVER was any stage more strangely set. I sat with the representatives of the press on the stage of the Auditorium; but the real stage was before me, down in the orchestra chairs. There sat the Progressive delegates, a thousand or more. From all parts of the country, and from such outlying points as Alaska and Hawaii, they had come intent on doing a great historic deed. Their leader, Theodore Roosevelt, had made the issue of the Presidential campaign Americanism and Preparedness, and they were firm in the faith that with that issue and with that leader they were going to victory and vindication.

There they sat—eager, earnest, very much

alive, as solid a body of idealists as ever assembled: men of the plains, whose faces had been bronzed by the weather and seamed by hard experience; substantial men of affairs from the East and the Middle West; freemen from the Pacific coast, accustomed to the ways of the newest democracy; Southerners, who for their political faith had broken with the traditions of their people, and had willingly paid the penalty. Among them, too, were a score or more of women. Altogether these hundreds of delegates formed a body which any American would have been proud to point out to a foreign visitor as representative of their country.

They were not men to wait on ceremony.

No parliamentary law for them if it stood in the way of getting their will done promptly. Their Chairman was of their mind. Whenever anything needed to be done, he manufactured the parliamentary law on the spot to allow them to do it, and they did it unanimously. And they had leaders to their taste. The old darky preacher's oratorical divisions were their models. He said that he began his sermons by argufyin', continued by explanafyin', and ended by givin' 'em the rousement. When that body of delegates needed argufyin', they listened to the clear, convincing word of James R. Garfield, or Gifford Pinchot, or Dean William Draper Lewis, who was chiefly responsible, as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, for the extraordinary and admirable platform; when they needed explanafyin', they heard Mr. George W. Perkins, or Secretary O. K. Davis, or former Attorney-General Bonaparte, or that indefatigable bearer of political burdens, Oscar Straus; and when they wanted the rousement, as they often did, they called for and got it in plenty from Henry J. Allen, Victor Murdock, Governor Johnson, and Bainbridge Colby.

The plan that these delegates were determined upon was twofold: First, to make every effort to induce the Republicans, who were holding their sessions simultaneously at the Coliseum, to nominate Mr. Roosevelt; or, failing in that, to nominate him themselves alone, defy the Republicans, and appeal to the country.

Their pent-up feelings had not long to wait for eruption. At the first mention of the name of Theodore Roosevelt they flung off all restraint. Raymond Robins, the Chairman, was lost in a maze of shouting, marching, singing men and women, who thronged the aisles, clambered over chairs, trooped upon the stage, and waved their flags and banners. One delegation bore aloft a banner inscribed, "The People Want Theodore Roosevelt, a Regular American" (a retort to the Republican slogan demanding a "Regular Republican"); another, a banner declaring that "Teddy Will Not Pussyfoot." North Dakota, where Roosevelt spent his ranch days, was represented by a banner displaying a picture of a log cabin, and under the name of the State the inscription, "The Pioneer Home of Col. Theodore Roosevelt." It was a Southern banner, however, which did more by implication than all the others by assertion to announce that there

was for that Convention but one man. It bore the words, "Georgia, His Mother's Home."

Then these enthusiasts settled down to their first business. Perhaps the ponderous Republicans would listen; we must give them every chance, it was argued; we are going to nominate Roosevelt, anyway; and, if the Republicans will join us, they can have all the credit. We are seeking nothing for ourselves; it is of the country we must think. So they cheered, and sang, and told one another of the vision of a united party and a united country, and pictured Northern Republicans voting for Roosevelt under the Republican banner, and Southerners, freed from party prejudice, voting for Roosevelt under the Progressive banner, and men of all sections, wearied of Democratic misrule and discovering the way to social justice and the common defense of American rights, flocking to the united standard of the Progressive and Republican parties to place at the head of the Nation the man who of all Americans is best known and most feared in the capitals of Europe, and most honored in the mines and the factories, in the shops and streets and homes of America.

And the more they thought of it, the clearer the vision became. Even the men of the press were tempted to "hit the trail." One man behind me, forgetful of the fact that a newspaper man is supposed to have no feelings, leaned over to his neighbor, in the midst of a demonstration that followed an announcement of news from the Coliseum that seemed hopeful, and, loud enough for me to hear in the confusion, said: "I expect to see those fellows start out of this hall before this Convention is over, and go marching up Wabash Avenue with their banners and join with those Republican delegates in nominating T. R. by acclamation."

All the while tragedy was ahead of them, but they could not see it coming. They could not imagine it. The greater the difficulties, the greater grew their faith.

They offered the Republicans an invitation to a conference by committee. They waited and turned their minds to their routine. The vast gathering at the Coliseum seemed not to be aware of this live assemblage of Progressives only a few blocks away. No answer seemed forthcoming. The Progressive leaders could hold their delegates no longer. With a shout, they voted to adjourn for the afternoon (this was Thursday, June 8) when

the pounding of the Chairman's hammer (no mere gavel could hold that crowd) called them together to hear that the Republicans had accepted their invitation, and to authorize a committee to meet the Republican committee.

The next day they had news that raised their hopes. The Republican committee had no candidate to suggest to them, and had no arguments to answer the claim of the Progressives for their candidate; both agreed that the good of the country depends on the restoration of control of the Government to the hands of those who believe in and will execute the policies alike supported by the Republican and Progressive parties; and these Republican conferees reported without comment, favorable or adverse, that the Progressives offered Theodore Roosevelt as the candidate on whom the two parties could unite. That word "unite" roused the Progressive delegates to cheering that could not be suppressed for several minutes. Scarcely had this demonstration died down when they were brought up standing by a report from the Coliseum that the name of Roosevelt had been cheered there. Then these delegates, excited as they were by hope, impatient as they were through delay, resumed the scrutiny and debate and amendment of their proposed platform. They refused to be swept off their feet by suggestions of impracticable plans. They insisted on explicitness in announcement of their principles.

In the midst of this business they caught sight of Senator Borah, of Idaho, a Republican who had been a fighter for Roosevelt in 1912, and they made him welcome. "I never saw a bunch of fellows so quick on the trigger," remarked one observer concerning this incident. "When Borah told them he came over from the Coliseum to get inspiration, they went wild; but they sized up the situation the next minute and let him know there was no use of him thinking of himself as a compromise candidate; for when he mentioned Roosevelt's name did you notice how in a flash they began shouting in unison, 'We want Teddy, we want Teddy!' You can't get ahead of a bunch like that."

All day they were on edge; but not too much on edge to find out for themselves and to decide after a full debate that, though they believed in National prohibition and were willing to put themselves on record as favoring it individually, they were not going to swamp all the other issues in the platform by a pro-

hibition plank—if a plank can be said to swamp anything.

All the while they were restive. They wanted to be sure that, if two candidates were to be nominated at Chicago, the first to be nominated should be theirs. If they could only nominate first, they could make the Republican ticket the "third ticket"—that at least was the idea of many of them. At the same time they wanted to write in the record the fact that they had given the Republicans every chance.

So the race between their desire to be first and their desire to be fair was nip and tuck.

That evening, Friday, as I came into the Auditorium the whole gathering was singing, in harmony which they had found for themselves, the strong and simple harmony of the revival meeting:

"Why not, why not,
Why not nominate now?"

And as they listened to the report that had come by telephone of the first ballot at the Coliseum they heard Governor Johnson of California, while he recalled "those glorious days of 1912," contrast those days with this night which "finds us," as he said, "sitting at the feet of Reed Smoot and Murray Crane," and yet, in deference to the word said to be from Mr. Roosevelt, counsel moderation. They cheered as they heard that Brumbaugh, of Pennsylvania, had withdrawn his candidacy for the Republican nomination in favor of Mr. Roosevelt, and they hoped for a sign that the vision that they were seeing was beginning to appear before those who had once spurned it. Their spirit was expressed by a young man, the leader of the North Dakota delegation, who delivered one of the shortest speeches of the Convention. In a drawl that had in it a world of humor he began from the floor: "A friend of mine in the Republican Convention asked me, 'Can you control your delegation?' I said I had difficulty in controlling myself." The crowd liked that, and made him go up to the platform. He began again:

I have much language in my system which I shall retain therein. We people from Mr. Roosevelt's second birthplace [laughter], we've felt just like Governor Johnson; we've had to hold on to our seats to behave ourselves as we should. We feel that we are ready to hold tight a little longer [laughter and approval]. And we know two things: first, that we are having an awful good time, and, second, that as far as we've gone this Convention has been

absolutely right. With this I shall now retain all the rest of my language in my system.

And still they waited and listened to the telephone messages, and shouted, and held themselves in until the second ballot had been taken at the Coliseum and the Republicans had adjourned without result.

By Saturday morning (June 10) hope of reunion had gone, when suddenly news came that Mr. Roosevelt had suggested to the two conventions the name of Senator Lodge. Faith in reunion revived. The leaves on the olive branch that had seemed faded grew green again. Perhaps this was the master stroke that would open the way to reunion that seemed closed. They had shut their ears to the suggestion, their minds to the very thought that they could accept any man but Roosevelt. The idea that Senator Lodge could be made their candidate was not one they could conceivably entertain; but the idea that Senator Lodge might be the entering wedge by which the Republican Convention could be split open for the admission of Roosevelt was not so utterly foreign to their thought. They did not understand their own leader; but they did want him. He was a part of their aspirations. The Chairman of their National Executive Committee, Mr. Perkins, worn out with sleeplessness, urged them to bide their time. John M. Parker, of Louisiana, who had labored incessantly to build up a new National party in the South, protested against inaction in the face of impending danger. Then, after confusion, word came that the Republicans were balloting. The storm broke; the name of Theodore Roosevelt was placed in nomination and accepted by acclamation.

Those who once fought for the faith had again enlisted against the same powers that had thwarted them before. They had done their utmost to conciliate those powers. Now for the battle!

In this exaltation of spirit they reassembled. They had beaten the Republicans by thirty seconds. Confronted by such a leader as theirs, the Republican candidate must surely face defeat or withdraw. With a view to reuniting now, not Republicans and Democrats, but North and South, they made their Vice-Presidential candidate the Progressive leader of Louisiana, John M. Parker, and while they were still in this exaltation of spirit the blow fell.

They were about to adjourn and go forth to fight and win for their party and their

party's leader when the Chairman's hammer sounded the doom. They hushed while the Chairman read this telegram from Oyster Bay:

I am very grateful for the honor you confer upon me by nominating me as President. I cannot accept it at this time. I do not know the attitude of the candidate of the Republican party toward the vital questions of the day. Therefore, if you desire an immediate decision, I must decline the nomination.

But if you prefer it I suggest that my conditional refusal to run be placed in the hands of the Progressive National Committee. If Mr. Hughes's statements when he makes them shall satisfy the Committee that it is for the interest of the country that he be elected, they can act accordingly and treat my refusal as definitely accepted.

If they are not satisfied, they can so notify the Progressive party and at the same time they can confer with me and then determine on whatever action we may severally deem appropriate to meet the needs of the country.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The incredible, the unthinkable, had happened. The vision had gone. Men sat stunned. There were women there ready to cry. The foundations of their faith seemed swept away. The faces that had been alight with devotion and courage were suddenly darkened. The great crowd that had been shouting and singing and marching turned and drooped off.

It seemed a tragedy beyond words to see that body of people crushed in that way. Some of those who went out from that drama understood, but others did not. Scores upon scores were too angry to speak. A few, finding words, hurled them in denunciation of the man they had been praising. Most of them, when they think it over, will be sorry for what they said or thought that afternoon. Some, of course, are implacable. They will go back home to meet the chaffing of their unwise Republican acquaintances, and will find some consolation in voting, if not working, for the re-election of Wilson.

The rest, however, who have taken time to think it over, will become reconciled to the new and unwelcome, but not altogether unpromising, situation. I have talked with them, and I think I know their mind. They will be proud of what their party has done, proud of their part in it; and they will look forward to laying the basis of liberalism in the Republican party. They will realize that

if they lost their faith for the moment it was because they had not believed the words that Mr. Roosevelt had been saying again and again. He had told them, told the country, that he was not interested in the political fortunes of himself or any other man, but that he was deeply concerned for the safety of the country, and to this end he was working, not for any party, but for the cause of preparedness and undivided allegiance to America. He had called on Americans to forget their differences in order to uphold the issues he believes supreme. These Progressives who have kept their mental balance are realizing that those of their party associates who have been nursing their resentments for the wrongs of 1912, and who have closed their minds to the possibility of supporting any man but Roosevelt, have been committing the same error which they charge against those Republicans who are nursing their resentments for what they consider the wrongs of 1912, and who have been declaring that they would never under any circumstances accept Roosevelt. Such men, whether Progressives or Republicans, are thinking more of party name, or personal fortune, or minor issues than of the Nation. The better part of the Progressives realize that such Progressive Bourbonism is the worst type of Bourbonism, because it is hiding the reality under false pretense. If Mr. Roosevelt should finally be convinced, as it seems plain that he is, that the best way to uphold the honor, safety, and unity of the United States is by the support of Hughes, these Progressives realize that he is bound by all he has said to do so. The Progressives who disagree with Mr. Roosevelt may not give their support to Mr. Hughes; but those Progressives who turn against their leader because he disagrees with them in judgment will not have many to keep them company. There are Progressives on whom the loss of Mr. Roosevelt's party leadership will fall heavily because of what is at stake in their own States; but they are realizing—at least some of them—that Theodore Roosevelt cannot turn aside to serve these causes at the sacrifice of the Nation's good, or in denial of what he has been plainly saying. The tragedy is harder for some to bear because the blow has come so late; but after the Progressive Convention was once deter-

mined upon, that blow could not have come earlier without endangering the very National causes to which Mr. Roosevelt has pledged himself, and which he has made the issues of the campaign.

The Progressives tried to use the party to force the Republicans to take their candidate; most of them are beginning to see that the service which the party has rendered is a much higher one. It has been to force the issues of supreme moment upon a reluctant Republican party and a dormant people. On Mr. Roosevelt has rested—unjustly, these Progressives know—the obloquy of disrupting the Republican party. Now, if Mr. Hughes loses, the burden of defeat is shifted to the shoulders of those who selected him and who ought to have borne that burden of defeat four years ago; while if Mr. Hughes wins, the burden of a disrupted party will be destroyed. And, in any case, a new burden has been placed upon the shoulders of all Americans—the burden of the Nation's unity and safety. Those Progressives who for party's sake evade their share of the burden, or for the sake of their grudges add to the share that others must bear, will not be regarded as true to their profession of faith.

Loyalty does not consist in shouting and singing and marching and lip service. Loyalty consists in holding fast in adversity. That is what most of the Progressives I have talked with are going to do. As long as there was a chance that the cause of the Nation's unity and safety might be intrusted to the keeping of a united party under the leader best suited to advance it, no effort was spared to bring that chance about. As long as there was danger that this cause might have no other advocate except the Progressive party, no effort was spared to keep that party intact. There has been and there will be a good deal of discussion as to whether those efforts were always wisely directed. But most Progressives, so far as I can learn, are thinking, not about the chances that have gone by, but the one chance that remains.

As I talked with the members of the party after they had had a while to think it over, this is what they, in general, have seen to be their duty. It is not all clear to them yet; but most of them, I think, will undoubtedly do what they can to elect Hughes.

THE NATIONS AT WAR

WHAT THE ENGLISH THINK OF THEIR ALLIES

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

IN endeavoring to discover what the attitude of any country—especially an enlightened democracy—is toward any other country, or upon any given question, one must take care to differentiate sharply between official and popular sentiment, between the sentiment of the Government and the sentiment of the people. Official sentiment is of the head, and almost invariably the outgrowth of expediency. Popular sentiment is of the heart, and compact of sympathy, affection, admiration. Needless to say, the latter is the truer index of a nation's feelings.

In such an autocracy as Germany official and popular sentiment come pretty near to coinciding on most questions, especially in times like the present. That is to say, the people believe what they are told to believe and feel what they are told to feel. The order goes out to "Strafe England!" and forthwith England is "strafed" to the Kaiser's taste. In the same way, intimations that it will be in order to embrace Bulgaria and love Turkey are followed with the same pliant tractability. In England, on the other hand, where the Government has made no effort whatever to influence the feelings of the people in their attitude toward allies, enemies, or neutrals, popular sentiment was a thing of gradual and spontaneous development, and began to crystallize definitely only after many months of the war had gone by. To-day, however, it exhibits distinct lines of cleavage, and one who takes the trouble to note what lies between these lines will have gained a fairly comprehensive idea of what the people of England think about the war. But here more than in any other of the belligerent countries must one differentiate carefully between official and popular sentiment, for in a number of instances he will find them following divergent courses. This is well illustrated by the attitude of the British people, on the one hand, and the British Government, on the other, in the controversy with the United States over the detention of American ships and goods under the Orders in Council of last year. There is good reason to believe that the British Foreign Office, realizing, first, the legal strength of the salient

American contentions, and, second, the fact that it might be highly convenient for Great Britain, as a neutral of the future, to be able to take the same stand that the United States does to-day, is content to let the matter drift in the hope that the end of the war may relieve it of the necessity of pressing it *à la outrance*. The English people, however, knowing little of the intricate legal complexities of the question, but fully aware that huge quantities of American goods of a character to be of the greatest use to Germany in waging the war have been reaching that country all along from Holland and the Scandinavian countries, were quick to resent the policy of a Government that appeared to be protesting just as strongly against the doubtfully illegal disturbance of its commerce as against the unquestionably illegal and inexpressibly brutal destruction of the lives of its citizens. The average Englishman is ready instantly to acknowledge the material benefit his country has derived from being able to draw upon America for munitions, food, and money, but he believes that the Allies have paid high, if not extortionate, prices for most of their purchases in the United States, and the term "dollar neutrality" conveys a pretty accurate idea of how, in his own mind, he defines our position.

As regards English feeling toward the various nations with which their country is allied, there is no such divergence between official and popular sentiment as in the case of the United States, and this is notably true of France, Russia, and Belgium. The novelty of a political alliance with England's traditional enemy had worn off within a year or two of the time it was entered into, and the decade of the *entente cordiale* previous to the war had been marked by a steadily increasing growth in esteem and affection between the two peoples, who, though so different in blood and temperament, had long embraced similar political, social, and spiritual ideals.

From the outset England and the English never doubted France and the French. They were sure of French gallantry from the first; and when, invaded and sore stricken, the

English saw France turn and strike back at the Marne, and then set her teeth in the enemy's flank and begin to hold on at the Aisne, their cup of admiration was overflowing. Indeed, it was when the French poodle turned bulldog and displayed an ungussed ability to hang on as well as to snap that the heart of the British public was won entirely and their normally repressed affection went out to their gallant ally without reserve.

It was the Englishman's affection for, even more than his trust in, France that tidied over so well those first chaotic eight or ten months of the war when England was "finding herself." France, fighting with an almost holy consecration, saw England, torn with strikes and political dissensions as in peace times, apparently adopting as her motto that popular but unfortunate catch-phrase, "Business as usual," and was tempted to doubt at times, not the faithfulness, but rather the earnestness of purpose of her great ally. "Is England really going to fritter away her energies in internal bickerings while we bleed to death?" Frenchmen who did not know the ways of incomprehensible Angleterre asked each other; and "Can it be that there is really point in the German sneer that 'England will fight to the last man—the last Russian and Frenchman'?"

The English people knew what the French were saying about them; certain of their papers which were forwarding an "awakening movement" made a point, so far as the Censor would permit, of seeing that they did know. But English affection for the French was great enough to grant them their doubts, and their right to doubt, until such time as the causes of these doubts should be removed. Then that paradoxical brute, the British bulldog, who seems never to use his teeth so well as when his legs are tangled in his own chain, began settling down to business, and the whole-hearted confidence of the French and English in each other soon became reciprocal.

One cannot be an hour in England without seeing evidence of the warmth of the feeling of the English people for their gallant ally across the Channel. In street and window decorations the tricolor strikes the eye almost as often as does the Union Jack, and the "Marseillaise," played by anything from a barrel organ to a symphony orchestra, will cause its hearers to stand and uncover as readily as do the strains of "God Save the King." On the screens at the moving-picture theaters and music halls—best barometers of

all of popular sentiment—Poincaré and Joffre and Castlenau and Foch are always applauded to the echo; indeed, especially since the Germans have been attacking so heavily at Verdun and other points in the west, I have repeatedly heard pictures of Joffre more enthusiastically applauded in London than those of even such consistently popular British leaders as Kitchener and Douglas Haig. Joffre, in fact, seems rapidly winning the same place in English hearts that he has so long occupied in those of his own people, and the round of applause which greets his good-natured face and rolling cinematic waddle on the screen of a London theater is often accompanied by a lusty cheer or two, and not infrequently by fervent exclamations of affection.

The recent appearance of Sarah Bernhardt at the Coliseum in London furnished illuminative instances of the warmth of the affection of the English for the French. The great Coliseum audience, numbering five or six thousand, is generally conceded to exhibit the most representative cross-section of English society that is regularly gathered under one roof, for here "Arry" and "Arriet," admitted to the gallery for sixpence, nightly look down on celebrities of fashion, politics, finance, and industry, whose stalls or box seats have cost them twenty to thirty times that price. In the higher-priced seats possibly one in a hundred understand French; in the low-priced ones certainly not one in five hundred. In spite of this fact, on three occasions I saw one of these great mixed Coliseum audiences, palpably bored by the unintelligibility and lack of action in "Les Cathédrales," sit quietly and respectfully through what was to over ninety-nine per cent of them the tedious half-hour of the performance, to come to their feet at the end of it for ten minutes of spontaneous, whole-hearted applause. Partly, of course, it was Bernhardt the woman, Bernhardt the actress, that they cheered, for the "Divine Sarah" has been an idol of the English for many years; but mostly the tribute was paid to the Bernhardt who, silhouetted against the lurid lights that played upon ruined Rheims, meant to those ordinarily unemotional English the incarnation of the spirit of gallant France.

"You'd never think from the way she stands that she had lost a leg," I heard a girl in the stall next to mine say to the young officer at her side.

"Just like her country," was the reply.

"France never publishes her losses. Only keeps her head erect and fights on."

Perhaps I can give no better idea of the extent of the confidence of the English people in the French than by stating that in the past year, during which I have traveled in many parts of Great Britain and been thrown in contact with all classes of people, I have never heard a single complaint or criticism regarding the attitude, the policy, or even the failures of "La Belle France."

Official England and informed England have understood thoroughly the reasons for the entry of their country into the Entente with Russia, but the "man on the street," knowing little of political exigency, was slow to forget the distrust engendered in his school-days, when the glacial advance of the "Great White Bear" on India was rated as the most serious menace to the integrity of the British Empire. He knew in a general way that, under the new political alignment, the traditional menace had been minimized, and that it was the swoop of the German Eagle rather than a blow from the Bear's paw that was being fended against. Still, to the average Englishman Russia continued to be Russia—Russia, the bulwark of Czarism; Russia, the oppressor of Poland; Russia, the last stronghold of mediævalism; Russia, the instigator of Jewish massacres.

With the outbreak of the war these things were readily forgotten in England, especially after vodka prohibition and other reform measures began to appear as forerunning signs that the Russian people were at last to come into their own. These quondam prejudices were replaced in the popular mind by a certain pride in having an ally of such great potential strength, and during the progress of those first smashing campaigns into East Prussia and Galicia Russian fighting prowess was highly acclaimed throughout England. It was the English, indeed, who coined the phrase, "the Russian steam-roller." At this stage, however, it was only the martial ardor of the English that had been stirred by the Russians; there was nothing of the sympathy and affection which, from the first, had been extended to France and Belgium.

Evidences of these more intimate feelings, indeed, were hardly apparent until the much-vaunted "steam-roller" had ceased to roll; until the Russians, disastrously defeated in East Prussia and Galicia, entered upon the terrible trial incident to their retreat across Poland and Courland during the summer of

1915. Then it was that adversity brought out what victory had failed to awaken; then it was that the British heart was touched by the grim, silent, uncomplaining heroism of the Russian defense, and a warmer vein of sentiment was evidenced in the attitude of the English toward their sore-beset ally of the north. The fallacy of the "steam-roller" theory was exposed, but in its place was born a belief in the steadfastness of Russia which has developed into something closely akin to the bond of confidence which unites England and France.

The solemn, hymn-like strains of the Russian national anthem are almost as well known in London to-day as is the challenge of the "Marseillaise," and the towering figure of the Grand Duke Nicholas upon the cinema screen is applauded scarcely less heartily than Joffre and Kitchener. The increasingly active part the Czar has taken in the direction of his armies has also met with warm popular approval in England. I have seldom heard a more spontaneous outburst of applause in an English theater than that which greeted a little incident portrayed on a reel of Russian war film exhibited not long after the Czar took over the field command of the Russian armies.

The Czar and some of his staff officers were shown descending a rough bit of hill-side trail, up which were toiling at the same time twos and threes of apparently played-out soldiers. One of these, limping from a wound or a blister, stumbled upon a root in stepping aside to make way for the Czar's party and went down in a heap at the monarch's feet. Instantly the Czar stooped, helped the fallen man to arise, and then turned and walked beside him for a half-dozen steps, with a steadying hand at the dazed fellow's elbow. With a parting pat of encouragement on the shoulder and a friendly smile, he sped the man on his painful way, and then rejoined his staff as unconcerned as though helping tired soldiers was all a part of the royal day's work. The simple, unaffected kindness of the "Little Father's" palpably spontaneous act struck a responsive chord in the heart of the big audience, and the theater rocked with applause long after the Czar and his party had flickered out and given way to Cossack cavalry maneuvers.

Italy and England had enjoyed a friendship of long standing prior to the outbreak of the war, and the entry of the former on the side of the Entente was greeted with a

good deal of enthusiasm in the British Isles. Italy's prestige in England, indeed, was probably at high-water mark at this time. It is highly probable that the course that country has pursued since then is thoroughly understood and approved of by official England, and even by those who have taken the trouble to read the very comprehensive explanations of Italy's position published in the British reviews. The "man on the street," however, does not try to conceal the fact that he is at a loss to understand why Italy is not at war with Germany, and why Italy, the most favorably situated of all the Allies for such action, did not lend more than perfunctory aid in the Balkan campaign. Moreover, Italy, fighting to win a better frontier on the northeast and to acquire ultimate mastery of the Adriatic, does not awaken the same enthusiasm in his breast as does the thought of France and Russia fighting to expel the invader, or that of his own country lending military and financial aid to all of its allies. Until, then, the mainspring of Italian motive is better understood in England the average Englishman will hardly accord to his country's Mediterranean ally the same confidence and affection which he has given France from the first and which he is rapidly extending to Russia.

Although the Englishman of England has never regarded the Anglo-Japanese alliance with anything like the same distrust and aversion as has the Englishman of the Far East, it has still never been popular with him. Nor has there been anything in the part that Japan has played as an ally in this war to make him change his attitude. Japan, he will tell you, came into the war for the same reason that America stayed out—because she could profit by it. It is generally believed in England that Japan has already succeeded to the political hegemony of the Far East, and that she aspires to use it to attain the commercial supremacy as well. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is not strange that the Japanese flag and the picture of the Mikado are greeted with only perfunctory attention when shown in England, and that the tendency is to regard Japan as a sort of "ally of expediency" who has not yet won her right to inclusion in the inner brotherhood of blood which unites Russia, France, and Great Britain.

England's friendship for Belgium has had to stand the rather trying test of close personal contact, and in harboring a large and

somewhat nondescript army of refugees from the stricken Kingdom the English have had to learn that a heroic nation is not necessarily a nation made up entirely of heroes. The Belgian refugees to whom England, in common with Holland and France, suddenly extended her hospitality were probably, as individuals, no better and no worse than an equal number of Englishmen or Americans or Frenchmen expelled from their countries under similar conditions would prove. They were just average human beings, and the hailing of them as heroes simply because their King and country had taken a heroic decision and they had helped to pay the price was a mistake, though a charitable one.

The very large majority of the Belgians accepted the freely proffered hospitality of the English with all due gratitude, paid for such things as they were able to pay for, and worked when work was found for them. But among them were a few chronic paupers and malingerers, and now and then a petty criminal—probably no more and no less than would have been found among similarly gathered refugees from any other country—and these, as might have been expected, occasionally abused their privileges. It was, of course, disillusioning, to say the least, for some old county family to find that its bevy of non-paying guests showed a decided disposition to develop into "perennials," or for some simple rural community to have one of its "heroic Belgians" haled before the local magistrate for chicken-stealing. Such cases were surprisingly few, however, and British charity and common sense were quite sufficient to the occasions. The general attitude of the country was, I think, fairly expressed by an old army pensioner who recently showed me through the historic Guildhall at Exeter.

"Yes, there are a number of Belgians hereabouts," he said in answer to my query, "and, for the most part, they are proper folk. True, some of them don't seem in a hurry to get to work, and two or three of them have not proved entirely law-abiding according to our way of thinking. But then, you see, we are their hosts, and it isn't for us to complain of little things like these. Besides, when all is said and done, there can be no doubting that Belgium saved France, and perhaps England, and in thinking of that debt we ought to be able to allow her people a little leeway over here."

So, in spite of the fact that the Belgian refugees have not all turned out the first-

chop heroes they were hailed as, popular sentiment in England is still as strong as ever for their gallant King and country, and in no one thing are the people and the Government of Britain more completely of the same mind than in their determination that the war shall not end until Belgium has been fully restored and indemnified for her losses.

Servia started badly handicapped in English popular esteem, for she had a rather sinister political record behind her, while the fact that she had furnished the spark to set off the bomb of the war was hardly calculated to predispose sympathy in her favor. The fine fighting qualities of the Serb, his dauntless single-handed defense against the might of Austria, won him ready admiration in England, however, and when, driven back by the overwhelming combination of both the Central Powers with Bulgaria, he still refused to ask for peace, it was no longer possible

for the sport-loving Briton to deny him the recognition of a worthy ally. Most Englishmen, too, have a sort of sneaking idea that a more vigorous diplomacy and readier military measures in the Balkans might have saved Servia, and this has inclined them more and more to bracket that country with Belgium as one of the small nations whose wrongs must be fully righted as a condition precedent to any sheathing of the sword of battle.

The Servian flag is hardly as readily recognized in London as that of Belgium, but the portrait of the Servian King or Crown Prince shown in a theater is now greeted with the same quick, hearty applause as is that of King Albert. More tangible still as evidence of British sympathy have been the generous contributions to the Servian Relief Fund, which is now being almost as well supported as that of Belgium.

London, England

MY IMMIGRANT NEIGHBORS THE "LITTLE MOTHER"

BY GERTRUDE BARNUM

OUR seven-year-old Bohemian girl neighbor, Libussa Ptacek, was always delighted to earn a few pennies by running errands. She did not literally run them as a rule, for her speed was apt to be handicapped by the burden of a baby she seemed nearly always to be tending.

Libussa's devotion to this baby was a typical example of the "little mother" passion so fully developed among children in our immigrant district. We were not at all surprised that she spent the errand earnings mainly upon her tiny charge, or that none of the exciting events of our street distracted the child from her main occupation. To be sure, her square, snub-nosed countenance was always seen in the ring of eager faces peering at any "drunken lady" who might lend variety to an otherwise dull hour. She ran screaming with all the rest when fire-engines crashed by. She was familiar with the dog-catcher, the "cop" who stopped street fights, the hurdy-gurdy man, the evictions, the funerals, the weddings. But where Libussa went, there also went baby "Patsy."

We wondered greatly at the baby's Irish

name and lineaments until we discovered that Patsy was not a blood relation of his "little mother," was surnamed McGuire, and was merely Libussa's natural selection child. His real mother regularly "went out to wash," and his father quite as regularly went out to wash down his sorrows in a neighboring saloon. What more natural than that Libussa should become Patsy's care-taker, at a stipend which was turned over to her mother to be saved for shoe money, for school-books, or other necessities?

Libussa wrapped her baby in her cast-off clothes. She spent errand earnings for a warm hood, booties, mittens, or other comforts. She sought to supplement the bottle diet with bananas, candy, sausage, cakes, ice-cream cones, and any other delicacy we did not happen to intercept. She jounced and tossed him about, incessantly, with the hope of eliciting his pale, reluctant smile; and when the rare smile rewarded her efforts she clasped him to her breast, showering him with passionate kisses.

One day we were shocked at the appearance of a bow of white crape tied to the

knob of the door of Patsy's basement home ; and we learned that he had paid in full for his father's celebrations and his delicate mother's overwork. At once we began a search for Libussa, feeling sure that wherever she might be hiding, black grief was her companion.

It was a prolonged hunt. Evidently the child had not allowed herself the luxury of being alone with her sorrow. Her family had not seen her for hours. The janitress of her building reported that the little girl had made a door-to-door visitation throughout the entire house and then had departed with tears streaming down her cheeks. The "coke and kindling" man said she had given him an order, asking him to "trust" it to Patsy's mother. The woman owner of the small dry goods store declared that at Libussa's pathetic solicitation she had donated a white baby dress. And at length we ran down information that the child had last been seen disappearing into the corner saloon.

There we found her. She was addressing a teary and collapsing audience with a sermon the zeal of which would have done credit to her distinguished countryman, John Huss.

"It's wicked to spend his money, and God will punish ev'ry one of you ! 'Tain't his money, anyway. I give it to him to fetch flowers for the coffin. Can't ye have a heart and send him home for onct? Ain't ye nothin' but a bunch o' bums? Can't ye cut out the drinks while we're gettin' up the fun'ral? Patsy's dead, I tell you !" She dropped her face on her arm against the counter, and sobbed : "Pa-atsy's dead !" and Patsy's father put down the glass he held to comfort her.

We got her out of the saloon, but not before she had made the proprietor contribute the "flower money" which his patrons had been drinking up. Such of these now repentant sinners as could navigate followed us down the street, helping home the limp and crestfallen Mr. McGuire.

In answer to the question why she had not appealed straightway to us for help,

Libussa explained that Mrs. McGuire was afraid "the charities" would want to bury Patsy in the potter's field ; and she had hopes of "loanin'" money from her neighbors to buy a "consecrated private lot." After they had raised money for the lot and the burial clothes, she said they meant to ask us to contribute enough to rent a little white hearse and one carriage.

To our amazement, Libussa untied from a knot in her handkerchief the sum of seven dollars and eighty-two cents which she had collected already.

"The school-teachers and the stores give the most," she said, "an' I got a lot in our house. The lady that washes down the stairs give fifty cents. My mother give back my shoe money. The two men that boards with us give near a dollar, an' my young lady cousin give fifty cents."

Knowing that Libussa's family of three lived in a flat of three small rooms, I inquired where the boarders slept.

"They sleep in the parlor."

"And where does your young lady cousin live?"

"She don't live anywhere. She's out of a job. She sleeps with me in the kitchen. I have to give back her fifty cents after she ain't got none left."

At length all arrangements were completed, and the little white hearse, followed by one carriage, drove off toward Patsy's final resting-place, paid for by the pennies of the truly loving and generous poor. The mourners in the carriage were upborne by their gratified pride in having circumvented the "County" by arranging for a private funeral and a burial in specially hallowed ground. But when they returned they brought back a very flushed and wild "little mother," whose final parting with Patsy had proved too much for her exhausted body and spirit.

And it was not long before another white crape bow decorated a neighbor's door. For a combination of grief with the scarlet fever contracted while nursing Patsy had ended the devoted and brave life of little Libussa Ptacek.

THE READER'S VIEW

A THIRD WOMAN'S VIEW OF PREPAREDNESS

Long acquaintance with *The Outlook* has proved to me that one may expect both sides of a question to be fairly presented in its pages.

In my home we are always glad when people recognize that "preparedness" or "peace insurance" can come only through "living in the spirit that does away with the occasion of all war," as a great leader of men once put it.

What we prepare for we generally have. All psychologists recognize that constantly dwelling upon and planning for any situation affects the mind of the individual with an inclination to see that situation realized.

Our home community is one of the many which are growing shamefully rich upon this great war. A staid, conservative place for many years, it is now called "a boom town."

"I don't have to work, anyway!" says a saucy servant. "My husband's makin' big money in de powder mills!" Then, it may be the next day, comes a dull, jarring explosion, and a gray-white column of smoke rises against the blue sky. A few hours later comes news of human bodies blown into fragments and shrieking women surrounding the mill-yards.

"What will you do with all these new plants when the war is over?" asked a business man.

"Oh, shut 'em down," replied the manager.

Then the workmen's families must suffer, and so must all the newly rich who have dealt in powder stocks.

But meanwhile the war goes on, and many of our citizens, whether they confess it or not, hope it may go on.

So we get a military class who advocate preparedness because it means "big business."

And what about our student camps? Will our young men take all the time and energy needed for the drilling and still go on with their college courses, with no thought of anything but toughening muscles and wholesome outdoor exercise? Will there be no longing to see "real war"? Can we have good results and no bad ones?

In spite of the ardent campaign at Princeton a letter has recently been made public which is signed by five prominent students, one of them secretary of the senior class, which concludes thus:

"We think ill-advised and entirely ineffectual the sort of 'preparedness' brought into being by going about stirring up the military feelings of the young men of the country and by a haphazard drilling for a few weeks in the summer. This country can be secured without such a diversion of the energies and interests of men in the process of being educated, and without increasing the risk of a jingoistic war by a continual calling out of 'War's coming!'"

"Patriotism which shoulders a rifle is not the

only sort of patriotism; the discipline gained at Plattsburg is not the only sort of discipline; and every one who hesitates to swallow the results of the sort of action now being urged by the militaristic party is not necessarily a coward. This letter is a protest against the intimation that such is the case."

What reasonable parallel is there between the policeman and the soldier?

The raised hand, not the pistol, is the symbol of the former. The soldier is trained to kill, the policeman to protect life. He shoots only as a last resort. Locks and bolts present no menace to human life. Any pacifist may feel free to use them.

And yet, why were the Quaker colonists under William Penn safer with no "gun behind the door" than the men and women in colonies where "preparedness" had done its best? Simply because they kept faith with their Indian neighbors and daily lived out our motto, which we too seldom remember, "In God We Trust."

Why have our foreign missionaries, where they have shown the same trust, been safer than if armed?

Women would no doubt "face the dangers of battle bravely." They have done so before. But if the women of our beloved country could but stand together in pointing out that "better way" to which General Grant alluded when he said, "Though I have been trained as a soldier and participated in many battles, I have never known a time when, in my judgment, there has not been a better way than drawing the sword," what a noble mission might be ours! Then we might hope to "inculcate gentleness and fair and upright dealing," but never can this be done by the outworn methods of warfare.

"New occasions teach new duties," and just as surely as we women unite to teach the new conceptions of world brotherhood and the sanctity of the human soul as well as the human body, so surely will we find no "soft and easy course of life," indeed, but a real "footpath to peace."

F. T. R.

Wilmington, Delaware.

AN APPEAL FROM AN AMERICAN AT THE FRONT

As I am a subscriber to your magazine, I am taking the liberty of writing you on a subject which is very dear to me, namely, "America." As a stanch American, having spent over a year and a half at the front in France, you can realize that the vision of America is doubly sacred to me. My purpose in writing you is to ask you this big question: What has happened to America? Where are all her cherished ideals of liberty, fair play, and love of justice? While Europe is bleeding and undergoing tremendous sacrifices for its love of right, we, in compla-

gency, shrug our shoulders and try to ease our conscience by such replies as "Too proud to fight," "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier," etc., etc. Dare we look into the future and realize what our children will say when history is written of the contemptible part we have taken in this universal struggle of right against might?

Our fathers were willing to die for their convictions for the future good of our country, but what sacrifices are we making to-day? Is this the result of Washington's and Lincoln's visions of America? Would they use that cowardly phrase, "Too proud to fight"?

There are many things worse than war, and National degeneration is of them. There seems to be no man at home strong enough to convince the people of the terrible retribution to which their present attitude is leading them. Can we be aroused from our sordid lethargy? I trust that before it is too late America will see her duty clearly, and take a firm stand and openly show the world that her old love of honor is still alive, and that material wealth is nothing when National disgrace accompanies it. We seem smothered in our love of the dollar. We have given money to Europe, it is true, but we must needs give our hearts and our lives too, if necessary, to restore to civilization the position it held before the present catastrophe.

I believe I am speaking truth when I say that America will have to pay the price for her indifference. Why will she not arouse herself and assume the part of her glorious heritage?

All these questions are vital to myself and other Americans who are over here fighting America's battles. Can you answer them and convince us that the America so dear to our hearts still exists?

2d Lieut. HOLBROOK BONNEY,
35th Battery, 37th Brigade, Royal Field
Artillery, B. E. F., France.

TEACH CURRENT HISTORY!

Apropos of the editorial in *The Outlook* of March 29 entitled "The Class in History," you may be interested in the following observations:

Some months ago, after the effort of the Allies to capture the Gallipoli Peninsula had been prominently before us in the papers for many months and the ill-fated expedition was about to be given up, I asked two classes of juniors and seniors, numbering in all about forty students, both men and women, "What and where is Gallipoli?" Two students were able to answer the question correctly, a few had a faint recollection of having heard of it but could not locate it, and the remainder, about thirty students, confessed that they had not the slightest idea of what it might be. Several of these students were able to tell that Xerxes once invaded Greece by way of the Hellespont.

Early in March of this year, after the battle of Verdun had been in progress over two weeks, I asked a class of forty students of the same grade as the preceding groups what great battle was then being fought. Two students alone could tell. The others would not even venture a guess. Soon after that I visited a fifth and sixth grade room in which were twenty-four children. *Six of them* knew that the battle of Verdun was then raging.

That same day, in order to see whether this amazing ignorance of current events characterized other classes, I asked a group of sixty-five university students, mostly juniors and seniors, whether they read the daily papers *nearly every day*. Forty-three replied that they did and twenty-two that they did not. Some said they read the papers when at home during vacation! Of these students, forty-seven said they read local papers, thirty-two *National*, and nineteen *State* papers.

In response to the inquiry as to what news they read first or chiefly, thirty said they read local news, thirteen foreign, nine *National*, and five *State* news.

This was the week when the President was at odds with Congress over the proposition to warn American citizens not to take passage on armed merchantmen. As everybody knows, the papers were full of the matter. Thirteen of these students were able to state the question at issue correctly, and forty-two either did not know or stated it incorrectly. Many of them said it was the question of "preparedness." Thirty-four of these students knew that the great battle in progress was Verdun and thirty-one did not. One student wrote that the Germans, having captured Verdun, were now marching on Paris.

That same week I arranged to have a group of high school juniors and seniors answer the same questions. With them, also, local news was the choice in the daily press. Fifty-nine knew that the battle was Verdun and forty-eight did not. On the crisis between the President and Congress ten were correct, twelve were partly correct, seventy-two were incorrect, and sixteen said they did not know.

Some days after, when the previous crisis had passed and the trouble with Mexico was looming darkly on the horizon, the university juniors and seniors previously questioned were asked, "What is now the uppermost question before the United States in its foreign policy?" and only six out of forty could tell.

It is evident that large groups of college students are more interested in the petty, trivial personalities of the town than in the greatest and most momentous drama that has ever been enacted in the history of mankind.

IRVING KING.

The State University of Iowa,
Iowa City.

BY THE WAY

An automobile came unexpectedly around a bend of the road into the middle of a little Irish hamlet, says Bernard Shaw in "Collier's," and there was a general scattering of the inhabitants. By a miracle of dexterity, the chauffeur just avoided running over a large, wolf-like dog, which at once charged the party. A stern-faced constable came up. He inspected the sightseers till they shrank like guilty worms, then addressed the chauffeur: "What sort of a man are ye? Here you come into a village where there's a brute of a dog that has nearly ate two childer, and is the curse and terror of this countryside, and when you get a square chance of killing him you twist your car out of the way and nearly upset it. What sort of a man are you at all?"

New designs for silver half-dollars, quarters, and dimes are to be issued soon. The figure of Liberty is to be conspicuous on the new coins. They are to be, it is announced, somewhat simpler in design than the ones now in circulation—and hence, perhaps, more artistic.

"She doesn't seem to want us here, so I guess we'll have to go." It was John Burroughs speaking to a friend; the "she" was a robin who had built her nest in his summer-house and seemed to be disturbed while caring for her brood by the talk of the humans. "I won't stand this another year," Mr. Burroughs went on; "this is the third year she's taken possession of my summer-house!" But no doubt that mother bird may use John Burroughs's summer-house as her "bird house" as long as she lives!

Are Anglo-Saxons conceited about their pre-eminence in matters of machinery? A book called "English and American Tool-Builders," by Professor J. W. Roe, of Yale, answers the question thus: "Practically all the creative work in tool-building has been done in England and America. . . . The French have shown an aptitude for refinements and ingenious novelties. . . . The Swiss are clever artisans, but have excelled in personal skill. . . . Germany has developed splendid mechanics, but the principal machine tools had taken shape before 1870, when the Empire began. The history of English and American tool-building, therefore, covers substantially the entire history of the art."

Of the earlier tool-builders, the above-mentioned book says that Henry Maudslay, an Englishman, was the greatest. He began his career as a "powder monkey" in Woolwich. At eighteen he was offered a job in a machine shop, but the foreman hesitated to place him at work among experienced men. Maudslay pointed to a worn-out bench vise and asked whether he could have the job if he could fix it

as good as new before the end of the day. He was told to go ahead. Before the time expired he had made the vise "better than any of its neighbors." This piece of work was accepted as his diploma as a journeyman.

Ellen Key, in the "Atlantic Monthly," says: "Abel Hermant speaks of the 'woman who does not know that there is war in Europe.' They are found in every country, and comprise a nation in themselves." These women must be kin to the benighted men who, as some historian says, living in the purlieus of Paris at the height of Napoleon's glory, did not know their ruler's name.

One of the things that make New York an interesting city is the practice of some shopkeepers of putting in their windows attractive goods with price-labels. An arresting instance of this sort was seen recently in a Broadway jeweler's window. Here were a finger ring of diamonds and an emerald, price \$12,500; a marquise-shaped diamond ring, \$4,250; pear-shaped diamond pendant, \$2,250; diamond earrings, \$5,800; and a galaxy of other resplendent gems to appeal to the frequenters of the "Great White Way."

At the other extreme of the social scale for the buying public are the push-carts of New York's East Side, equally interesting in their way. On one of these carts in Canal Street an astonishing variety of things mechanical was found—among others, clocks and watches, music boxes, all kinds of tools, and at least a score of second-hand cameras of various makes.

It is reported that the next move of one of the great automobile manufacturing companies will be to organize its workers into four shifts, each working six hours, without interruption for meals. The men are to be paid a dollar an hour. Here, then, is the six-hour day. And it will keep the plant running a full twenty-four hours, which is not practicable with the eight-hour shift on account of the intermissions for meals.

To the list of ingenious "grinds" on national characteristics this story hitting off the economy of the Scotchman may be added: Ian Mac-Dougal, about to leave on a journey, among parting injunctions to his wife, says: "Noo, Janet, dinna forget to mak' wee Sandy tak' off his glasses when he's no' lookin' through them."

The lightest wood known, according to the "Rural New Yorker," is called balsa, other names being corkwood, floating wood, or lanero. The heaviest wood is black ironwood. A cubic inch of ironwood will balance, on the scales, ten cubic inches of balsa. Ironwood is used for rudder posts on ships; balsa is used on the same ships in life preservers and life rafts.